

Bits of Byeler by Trashhole

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Boys In Love, Broken Will, Coming Out, Cuddling, Dustin and Lucas are good friends, F/M, Fluff, Hickeys, I ship them so much!, Just a tad bit of sexy, Lots of blushing, M/M, Married!Byeler, Mike lending his PJ's to Will, Mike will be his glue, Mike's PJ's are a little big on Will, Romantic Fluff, Shy Will, Sleepovers, Sweet Fluff, Tongue kiss, Will Byers is a tease, Will drives Mike crazy, boys blushing, don't fight me on this, lots of hand holding, sensual kissing, sorry - Freeform, they're just so adorable

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), James (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Mr. Clarke (Stranger Things), Nancy Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-12-26

Updated: 2018-01-22

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:28:14

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 11

Words: 25,035

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Here's my new(and first) series. I hope to add a lot of chapters to this. People who adore this ship as much as I do, please don't kill me if I take forever to update. Sorry for my repetitive writing by the way.

Now for the actual summary. A series of oneshots for the amazing ship known as Byler/Byeler. I hope all who read enjoy themselves.

PS: I was inspired to create this series because of another AO3 user that goes by the name "strangerpilot". So if you've never seen their work, check'em out. :)

1. Coming out on Christmas, kinda.

Author's Note:

//So I'm mixing a coming out fic, with a Christmas one. Seeing as it's Christmas and all that. The coming out fic was requested by the user Olsulor11. Shout out to you, boi!

Will Byers and Mike Wheeler have been dating for a few months now. Nobody knows this and sometimes it gets to Will, having to sneak around with Mike behind everyone's back. It just doesn't feel right. The two boys have had a few close calls here and there, like that one time when Mike had leaned over to kiss Will during one of Lucas' and Dustin's arguments. After that Mike made sure no one was around, which bugged Will even more, even though he understood. Another time was when the four boys were playing some D&D, Mike and Will had a habit of holding each others hands in secret, under the table. Mike rolled the dice one time and it fell to the floor, Dustin alerting the group he'd get it, ducked under the table and almost caught the hand holding. Lucky he announced himself or Will and Mike might have been caught. Now one thing does come out of this whole "not telling anybody", Will gets to spend a LOT of time alone with Mike.

It was just one of those typical lazy days, Will and Mike had at Castle Byers. They would lay around, playing with each others hair, or simply just rest next to each other. Now it was coming up to Christmas, so Will was expecting some gift talk, sooner or later. But what he got was different. Will didn't no what to say when Mike had suddenly spoke out from their little hair grooming session. So instead, Will asked Mike to repeat himself.

"Wait, what did you say?" Mike sat up, his head was resting on the smaller boys legs, while his hair was being messed with.

"I said, we should tell Dustin and Lucas about, you know, 'us'." Will didn't know how to feel. On one hand he had been wanting and waiting for this, for so long. But on the other hand, he was terrified to tell people about he and Mike. Will had forgotten he was trapped

in his thoughts, gave an awkward cough and shyly nodded, not knowing what to answer with. "Will? we don't have to if you don't wa-"

"No!...I mean, no, let's tell them. I've wanted to for a long time" Mike smiled, that beautiful smile that always gave Will butterflies.

"Alright, awesome. Now, how should we-"

"Wait!" Will interrupted.

"What is it?"

"My turn" Will shifted himself to lay his head down onto Mike's thighs. Will smiling up at Mike. Mike couldn't resist, so he began messing around with the young Byers hair. "Okay, you can continue now"

"Well if you say so, your majesty" Both boys laughing with each other. "As I was saying, how should we, um, you know? 'come out' to the two of them?"

About an hour passed as the two sweethearts were trying to come up with a coming out idea. A few suggestions went by here and there, all not suiting what the boys were looking for. Eventually, Will had suggested they come out to Dustin and Lucas on Christmas, using their gifts, Mike loved that idea, but now they needed an idea of what the gift should be.

"How about we get some shirts with the arrow on them and they say 'I love him' on them?" Mike had suggested.

"Hmm...it's not a bad idea, it's just..." Will looked away from Mike's gaze. That was until Mike spoke up.

"You want it to be more memorable, don't you?" This time Will sat up to face his boyfriend.

"How'd you know?"

"Cause' I do too" Mike then took hold of Will's hand "I want to show

our friends how much I love you" Mike then realized what he had just said, and his face turned a nice shade of pink. Neither Mike or Will had ever actually said the 'L' word to one another, seeing as they were still young and all that.

"Then we'll show them" Will said squeezing his boyfriend's hand. "I'll think of something, but..." Will looked up at the sky and noticed it was getting late. "I should get going, or my Mom will never let me outside ever again" Mike agreed. The two boys got on their bikes, but before going their separate ways for now, Mike cycled over to Will, leaned in and placed a long lasting kiss on his lips. Will had noticed their kisses have been getting longer and longer in the past few months. Will was actually kind of glad, Mike was the one to always initiate their kisses. A lot less pressure for Will that way.

It was ten days until Christmas, and both Will and Mike still had no great ideas of how to come out to their friends. That was until Mike and Will sat through another one of Dustin and Lucas' arguments, during one of their little comic book days. They were arguing about which comic book series was better. X-Men or Bat-Man.

"I'm telling you Lucas, X-Men is wayyy better than Bat-Man. His comics follow one guy around, but as you know, with the X-Men there are a bunch of characters in the spotlight." Dustin basically shouted at the other boys face, Will rolling his eyes at yet another argument.

"That may be so, but have you forgotten that the Bats' is a great standalone character? he also has some of the best villains out there." The argument went on for another little while, but it ended like they always do, Mike stepping in and telling the both of them to 'shut up'. It got dark again soon and Jonathan would be here any minute to pick up Will, so the four boys called it a day and got ready to leave. The four of them stood in the Wheeler's driveway, setting up their bikes to leave. While Dustin and Lucas were to the side talking about some girls from school, Will and Mike were off by the side saying their little goodbyes.

"So, I'll call you on the walkie-talkie later, yeah?" Mike asked, standing over the smaller boy.

"You better" Mike leaned in fast and placed a kiss on Will's cheek, leaving him a little red in the face, though the cold weather was doing a good job at that already. Mike then peaked over at his two other friends to see if they had noticed, they didn't.

"Can you believe those two? Always arguing like their lives depended on it" Both boys chuckled, earning curious glance from the other two boys. "Who cares which comic series is better, they love both ofem any way" Shrugging as he spoke. Mike then noticed a look on Will's face. "What is it?"

"I think I know how we should come out to those two knuckleheads." Will stated, with a confident grin planted on his face.

"Enough suspense, what is it?"

"We should make our own little comic book for them. Just a small one. I mean, I have been pretty awesome when it comes to drawing, lately" Mike gave the younger boy a playful push on the shoulder.

"And you think you can get all that done before Christmas?" Just as Mike asked, Jonathan pulled up next to the curb.

"Will. Come on, time to go. Hey Mike, Dustin, Lucas." The boys waved back to him. Will then began walking towards his brother's car.

"Hey, wait. Can I at least help you do the comic book?" Will turned back and smiled.

"No." Mike stood there with a smile on his face, while he shook his head. Will then got into the car and waved before the brothers took off. Soon after, Lucas and Dustin headed home themselves.

It was only a few more days until Christmas, three to be exact. Mike hadn't seen much of Will ever since he announced his comic book idea. Mike understood, but he still wanted to see Will. Instead he got a lot of walkie-talkie conversations. He also had to cover for Will every time Dustin or Lucas mentioned Will not hanging out with them lately. It was easy to lie to his parents and even his sister, but it

was hard when it came to his best friends. Luckily for Mike his mom called down to him, announcing Will was here. Mike had been in the basement for most of the morning, playing with some figurines, bored out of his skull really. But he lit up like a candle at the mention of his boyfriend's name. He dashed up the stairs, but the moment he reached the door, he walked out all nonchalant like, trying not to draw any attention from his Mom. Mike thanked his mom before telling Will to come in and follow him to the basement.

"So?" Mike sat at their little table, Will across from him. Will then dropped his very own comic book, onto the table.

"Boom" Will had such a victorious look on his face. Mike immediately picked the book up and began reading. Will sat silently as he watched his boyfriend flick through the pages of his hard work. A few chuckles here and there, that was good, right?

"Oh my god" Mike suddenly spoke out. Will was nervous. had he messed up already?

"W-what?" Mike looked up, away from the comic book and then to Will.

"This is awesome, Will! You made Lucas just like Bat-Man, and made Dustin a mutant. They're gonna love this." Will perked up, smile so big it was reaching his ears at this point.

"Really? You mean it"

"Promise" Mike then gave an awkward cough after saying that. He and El said that a lot when she was here. "I-I mean yeah, I mean it. But hey, how is this going to let them know we're together?" Will rolled his eyes.

"Keep reading, and you'll see." And so Mike did. He flicked through the pages even faster than before, until he reached the last few pages. Their little superhero group had just finished beating some bad guys, and were on a rooftop, looking over a large city in the night. Dustin's character spoke, asking the other three do they wanna grab some pizza. That's when Will's character answered with "Sorry, Mike and I have a date" Mike and Will's characters then took hold of each others

hands. Mike chuckled as he read the expressions of their faces on the pages, he could imagine that's what it will be like.

"Wait, you two are queers?" Lucas' character asked. To which Mike's character responded.

"Does it matter?" Lucas's character simply muttered and 'uhhhhhh' while looking to Dustin's, who shrugged in reply.

"I guess not. It's just, you two hid being together so well" Lucas's character replied. Mike's character spoke again.

"Well, us superheroes are great at keeping secrets, right?" Dustin's character giving a huge smile brought both Will and Mike's characters into a hug. Comic Dustin looked to Comic Lucas, motioning to join in, to which he did, with a hesitant smile. The four of them stood upon the rooftop, hugging each other in a moment of true friendship. The last line went to Dustin's character "Can we stop hugging now. I'm really hungry" Mike burst out laughing. He loved this, in all it's cheesy glory.

"Will, this is perfect! I love it. I-I could kiss you right now" Will being the shy one in their relationship, would usually keep quiet at one of these comments from Mike, but he had such a confident boost right now, he replied with

"Then do it" At first Mike seemed taken back by that, but quickly recovered and leaned over to kiss Will on the lips. It was another long lasting kiss, but Will got a surprise when he felt Mike's tongue touch his, and at that Will pulled away, startled by the whole thing.

"W-will. I'm so sorry, I-I didn't mean it. It was accident" Will, to stop Mike for apologizing for nothing, placed his hands onto Mike's.

"It's okay" That being said, that didn't stop Will from blushing hard. "I-I'd like to um, do that with you again, though..." They were boys in love after all. Mike smiled, before leaning over again.

"Okay! gift exchanging time!" Dustin shouted as he threw his bag of snacks to the floor, they could wait. The other three were sure China

heard him. It was the day after Christmas, and the four boys were in the basement. Will and Mike would have given them the comic on Christmas, but the four of them are usually spending the whole day with just their families. Dustin planted his gifts onto the table. The presents were all the same shape. So it was curious, but it was obvious they were comics, Dustin always got comics. Dustin sat there, huge grin planted on his face, dying for his friends to open them. "You guys are gonna lose your shit!" The others chuckled before ripping the wrapping paper off and revealing the new edition of X-Men comics, No. one, two and three. They always shared comics around with each other so that's probably why. "So? what'ya guys think? awesome right?" The others agreed, before declaring thanks to their friend.

"Okay, my turn" Lucas said carefully placing three, same-shaped boxes onto the table. "Yeah, prepare to explode" Lucas declared. To be fair, Lucas always did get the most amazing gifts each year, mainly because his parents loved buying him anything. The boys tore off the paper and revealed brand new walkie-talkies. The three boys cheered as Lucas sat there with a smug grin on his face. "Batteries not included though" Lucas suddenly said in the middle of the cheering. The boys sighed as they sat back down. Thanking Lucas anyway, even though he laughed at them.

"Okay, our turn" Mike spoke. Dustin and Lucas looked at each other with confused expressions on their faces.

"Our?" Lucas asked as Will and Mike placed the wrapped comic book up on the table, together.

"Hey! no fair! you can't help each other get us gifts. Plus, there's only one" Dustin said complaining. Lucas crossed his arms, agreeing with their curly haired friend.

"This is from both of us, to you two." Will spoke this time, smiling to Mike. "Just take a look, I'm sure you'll like it" Dustin and Lucas seemed skeptical at first, but opted to go along with it. When they opened it and realized it was their very own comic book, they squealed like little girls, before immediately reading it, together for once. And Will had to say, even though this was done with only crayon, it was still awesome looking. Will and Mike sat there in

silence, too nervous to say anything. Underneath the table, they were holding hands, comforting each other, as their friends were nearing those last few pages. This was it, this was the moment. Just as Lucas and Dustin finished it off, they laughed. While Dustin looked up to face his friends, Lucas kept laughing while re-reading it.

"How come you made your characters queers?" Lucas said bluntly as he kept his face in the comic book. He then felt a slight nudge from his left, from Dustin. "Ow, what?" Lucas looked up at Dustin with annoyance. Dustin was looking forward, not moving an inch, so Lucas did the same as his eyes widened and brows furrowed in confusion. "What?..." Mike and Will were holding hands in front of them. Set on the table. Slowly, but surely, Lucas and Dustin realized what was going on. "Oh...so?. Um, you two are queers?" Mike squeezed, and was about to answer but Dustin spoke.

"Does it matter?" Will smiled to his friends.

"O-of course not! I was just asking, to make sure!" And then an argument between the other two boys ensued. Will and Mike laughed to each other. Everything was alright now. It wasn't the ending they were expecting, but they probably should have, knowing them two.

//So quick little bit from me, here. I'm sorry, I was supposed to post this yesterday, but I got really caught up with my family. Ya know, Christmas and all that. But I hope all who read this, enjoyed it. :)//

2. The Storm

Summary for the Chapter:

//Will gets caught in a storm on the way to Mike's house, and Mike goes to save him//

Notes for the Chapter:

//How goes it, fellow Byeler lovers? Here's the second oneshot in this series. Hope you all enjoy//

"Will, the weather looks like it's going to pore down any minute. Just let me drive you to the Wheeler's" Jonathan had asked for the hundredth time, while looking out the window, at the grey sky. Will was scheduled to sleep over at Mike's house tonight. The four boys had planned yet another big campaign for D&D. Everyone that knew the boys, knew it was important to them, but that being said, the weather was picking up for the worse, and Jonathan just wanted Will to be safe.

"No, Jonathan. Your manager said if you were late again, she'd have to let you go" It was true, Jonathan had shown up to work late, numerous times this month, and the manager wasn't having it. "If you drive me to Mike's, you'll definitely be late, so no... I'll be fine, I swear. Plus, Mike said he'd meet me half way" Will lied, he just didn't want Jonathan to get fired because of him, plus, he really wanted to see Mike, he did have a huge crush on him after all. Yes, Will liked boys, but he didn't care as long as Mike didn't care. And as of now, he had no idea what Mike thought of boys that like boys.

"Well, alright. But have Mrs. Wheeler call me when you get there, okay?" Will nodded in response. "Alright, I have to head off now, love you" Jonathan placed a small peck on the younger Byers head, before leaving for work. Will quickly grabbed his backpack full of his things, toothbrush, some snacks, colors, comics, etc. The one thing he didn't have in there, were his pajamas. They were sitting on his bed, forgotten. Will locked the door after he stepped outside, placing the key back under the doormat. Will then got on his bike and made his way off, to the Wheeler's residence.

"Mike! Lucas' mother just called, he won't be able to make it. Sorry sweetie." Karen shouted down into the basement so her son could hear. Mike was sitting at the prepped up table, it had all the D&D stuff set out. Mike grunted in frustration, almost flipping the table he was next to. First Dustin couldn't make it, now Lucas. This day was turning into a shit show. Will sighed in defeat, looking out the small basement window. He couldn't blame them though, he could however blame the weather. Why, why. All of the days it could have chosen to be the absolute worst, possible. Mike then walked up stairs to mope in the living room. Maybe he could get some sympathy money from his Mom. His Mom wasn't in the living room, however. Mike was brought to the kitchen, where he heard his Mom talking to someone. Mike carefully poked his head out from behind the kitchen door. "Oh no, I'm sorry Jonathan, Will hasn't made it here yet. I assumed he wasn't coming because of the storm" Hearing his Mom say those words, reminded him of that morning, the morning Joyce rang up, to see if Will had stayed the night, when in fact he was taken to the upside down. Mike felt the panic creep up in him. Where was Will. Mike felt a tightness in his throat. That's when he stopped thinking. "Don't worry, Jonathan, I'll-" **Slam.** The front door slammed shut, making Karen jump in her place. "What was that?!" Karen noticed Mike's jacket was gone. "Mike?!" She shouted down towards the basement, no answer. Karen ran back to the phone "I'm sorry Jonathan, I'll call you back. I think Mike overheard us"

"WILL!" Mike screamed as loud as he could, as he cycled past the many streets, corners, houses, stores. *Please be okay.* " WILL! WHERE ARE YOU!" Mike was already drenched, soaked from head to toe, and he's only been out in the rain for five minutes. What would that mean for Will, if he's still here of course. Mike hated for thinking like that. "WILL! ANSWER ME, PLEASE!" The thunder, rain and lightning were all too loud. Mike couldn't even hear his own voice. Mike then cycled into the main part of town, this is where most of the stores are. Most of them were closed though, must be because of the weather. Mike still checked them out, thoroughly. Mike wished Will had just cancelled, he would rather a boring night at home, than no Will in

his life at all. That's when Mike spotted someone, Will maybe? "WILL?!" No answer, the storm was too loud. There was a figure crouched under a tree outside the local comic book store. They looked like they were covering, shivering, freezing. "WILL?! IS THAT YOU!?" Still no answer. Mike dropped his bike and ran over to the mystery person. He needed to know if it was Will, he had to know if Will was okay. "Will?" Mike grabbed the person by the shoulders. This obviously startled the person and they jumped up onto their feet. "Oh thank god!" Mike shouted as he pulled the figure into a bone crushing hug. It was Will.

"Mike? what are you doing here?" Will was so pale. His hair was soaked, his clothes looked like they had been thrown into a pool. Will was shocked to say the least.

"Looking for you, dummy!" Mike hadn't realized he was still hugging the smaller boy. He let go as his face was starting to heat up. That's when Mike's mom pulled up, to the side of the store. "Mom?"

"Oh my god. Michael Wheeler, get inside this car right now" She then turned to Will "You too, Will" The two boys stood there, surprised. They never really seen Karen this mad before. "Now!" She demanded. The two boys rushed into the back of the car.

"Mom! I'm sorry, I just had to see-"

"Enough, Michael. Me and your father are going to talk to you later" Karen pulled the car around, driving back towards her home.

"M-Mom?"

"What?!"

"What about our bikes?" Karen looked like she was going to explode.

Mike and Will sat in front of the fire place, towels around them. Heating themselves up. Karen had called Jonathan to let him know, Will was okay, and that he'd be staying the night. They both agreed to keep this little incident a secret from Joyce. Who knows what would happen. Mike did eventually get an earful off of his parents,

more so his Mom, than his Dad. That being said, Karen was really nice afterwards, making sure both boys were warm and dry. She made them soup and sent them downstairs, to the basement, with some hot cocoa. Once the two finished their cocoa, Karen had told them to get ready for bed, she didn't want them catching a serious cold. They were going to get changed, but bed time wasn't until later for the. Mike got changed into his Pajamas, but Will was still in his clothes. Wet, but not as wet as before.

"Hey, how come you're not changing into your pj's?" Will looked embarrassed when asked this. The younger boy sighed, before looking up to his friend.

"I-I forgot them" Mike didn't seem fazed at all. He actually smiled.

"Oh. You can borrow some of mine. No biggie." Will's cheeks turned pink, blushing at the thought of wearing Mike's pajamas.

"Um, o-okay" Mike told Will he'd be back in a minute, as he headed off to his room, to collect the extra pair of pajamas. A few moments later, and Mike had returned. It was the Star Wars pj's Mike loved a lot, only bringing them out on special occasions, like campaign night. Will was curious to why he was getting them, instead of a basic set of pj's. He didn't question it however. "T-thanks" Will said taking the pj's from Mike. He then went to the bathroom to get changed into them. It only took him a few moments. When he returned Mike was sitting at the campaign table, staring at him, staring at him with those big, brown, beautiful eyes. "Um...they're a little big in length, so, how do I look?" Will asked timidly, lifting his arms to show that the sleeves were covering his hands. Then lifting a leg to show the leg of the pants, slip over his foot.

"Y-you look pretty-Pretty good" Now it was Mike's turn to blush. He tried playing it cool, but he knew he was failing. He couldn't help it, he didn't know what he was feeling right now. Will just looked, just looked so cute in those Star Wars pajamas. He loved the way they were a little big on him. Wait, he 'loved' it? Mike was lost in his thoughts, so Will snapped him out of them, by accidentally falling towards Mike. He had tripped because of the long length of the pants. Luckily for Will, Mike's instincts kicked in, and he caught him. Will slowly looked up to his taller friend, feeling even more

embarrassment. When he faced Mike, Mike was already staring at him. Will was frozen, he didn't know what to do. Should he apologize? He just felt so warm and safe in Mike's arms, he didn't want to move. He wanted to do something else, though. But it could possibly ruin their friendship. "Will, are you okay?" That's when he did it, Will stood on the tips of his toes, to reach Mike's lips, with his own. Will shut his eyes, afraid of what Mike looked like, probably disgusted. When Will finally pulled away, he slowly opened his eyes. What Will saw wasn't a disgusted look, but a goofy smile instead. Mike wasn't surprised for some reason, in fact, he liked it, but was curious. "What was that for?" Mike asked, searching the younger boy's eyes for an answer.

"Because I like you, dummy" The two boys smiled to each other, finally realizing what was hidden.

//Hope all who read like the second chapter. I'll try to update every Monday. Until next time :)//

P.S- I am now taking requests. I'll try my very best. Promise.

3. Let me help you (Part 1)

Summary for the Chapter:

//The four boys decide to skip school, and go sneak into the theater, to watch the new horror movie that was just released. But Mike has some trouble with a friend.//

Notes for the Chapter:

//All who read my fic, I'm so sorry I haven't updated in a while. I've been on a family roadtrip and only had my phone, and I told myself "do not write a fic with your phone" so I waited until I got home, and that's where I am. So...here it is, hope whoever reads this, hasn't forgotten about it. Comments and criticism are always a joy. They help me a lot.//

Ps: I had no idea how boring it was gonna be traveling from county to county. I mean, Dublin to Waterford, then Waterford to Galway, then after that it was just tiresome. I should have just stayed home with my Nan, lol.

PS:S: This chapter was inspired by Kikinu's "Some beautiful paths can't be discovered without getting lost" Of you haven't read it by now, I highly recommend it. That is all. Enjoy :)

It was midway through the month of November. The revision for the Christmas exams will be starting soon, no doubt. And the four boys are surely not looking forward to it. Not because they don't like studying, because, they kind of do enjoy it. But because, Troy and James will be in their study group with them. And they really don't want that at all. Troy was still pissed over the whole "Some bald, weirdo girl breaking his arm last year" incident. And of course James would follow around Troy, like the lap dog he is. So the leader of their little group, Mike, devised a plan to get them all out of the study session, at least for this one time, anyway.

The plan was to each tell a different lie, to get out of the study group, and afterwards, meet up inside the school gym, the time works well, as no classes take place at the time of escape. From there on, they would grab their earlier placed stash of snacks, provided by Dustin. Then sneak out the back exit, so they wouldn't be spotted. The movie's run time was about one hour and forty minutes, or so. That's when the final act of the plan came back into motion, they'd quickly hurry back to the school, grab their bikes, and get the hell out of there before Troy could make his move.

Lucas was a bit skeptical at first, but eventually came around. Dustin didn't mind, and Will immediately agreed to the plan, and Mike thought that was weird. Will wasn't the kind of kid to skip school, he never skipped school. But if he was really fine with it, Mike didn't mind. It actually filled Mike with joy. Yep, there was no way this plan could go wrong.

"So? do you guys have something planned out, you know, of what to say, to get out of class" Mike asked his three friends, who were listening to him, while putting their bikes away,

"I was just gonna say I need to use the toilet" Dustin announced, the three of them sighed, before looking at each other with slanted eyes.

"Uh, I was actually going to use that excuse, so think of another one" Lucas declared, with a bluntness in his words, like he knew it was the outcome. This gained a "Pfft" from Dustin.

"But I wanted to use that one" Mike said.

"Me too." Will finally chimed in. The four of them stood silent for a moment, waiting for someone to say something about their new problem. Many students passed them, but like usual, no eye contact. No one, except a few, wanted anything to do with the "four weirdos of Hawkins". They didn't care though, they had each other.

"Should we do rock, paper, scissors for that excuse?" Dustin suggested. They thought about it for a moment, but decided it might take too much time. That's when Will spoke up, breathing out hope for this stupid plan.

"Um, I could..I could use my 'incident' as an excuse to get us all out" The smallest boy suggested. This made Mike frown. This was the first time since Will came back, that he actually spoke of the upside down. That's when Mike pulled Will off to the side, to have a private chat.

"Will. You really don't have to do that. Don't feel the need to, just because we want to skip class" Mike doesn't even notice that he has a firm grip on Will's shoulders. He's just staring into Will's tired eyes. He wonders how Will sleeps alone in his house. When they have sleepovers, it's usually fine, with the exception of Will always being the first one awake. But what's it like on his own? he wonders.

"Mike. It's fine. Really" The smile Will gave him, it seemed off...

"A-alright. If you say so"

"So, what's the plan?" Lucas asked, walking over to the boys, Dustin right behind him.

"I'm doing it" Will said with a stern manor to his words. Mike, still frowning. Will's mind was made up, and there was no changing it.

The four of them sat there, silently pretending to scribble in their copy's. A few vicious lip sync's from Troy, but they had to focus on the clock. The movie began at 2:00. And they had to escape by 13:45, which it almost was. Apart from the clock and Troy, Mike kept his eyes on Will for most of the class. He seemed different today, more different than usual. Which made Mike worry, and when Mike worries, he loses focus, which would be bad for the plan they have in store. Fortunately the teacher supervising this study class was Mr. Clarke. Mr. Clarke was the kindest and most awesome teacher in the entire world, well, at least in their eyes anyway. Mike felt a little bad that they'd have to lie, to Mr. Clarke, but at the end of the day, they did it before. Lucas was sitting in front of Mike, when he mouthed a "It's almost time" Before turning back to face his desk. Mike then looked to the right of him, where Will was located. He didn't look like himself, he just, he was just off. Mike could tell. He could try bring it up, but he knows from past experiences Will won't say anything, he's too nice, and doesn't want to ruin anyone's time. Mike

then thought of that time Will stayed over at his house. It was about three months after the incident.

//**Flashback**// Mike was thrown awake, out of his sleep, by the slam of a door. He sat up quickly. His first instinct were to check and see if his friends were still there. Lucas and Dustin, basically cuddling each other on the floor., boy they'd for sure fight about that in the morning. Nothing would wake them up at this time of the night. But someone was missing, Will. "Will?" Mike whispered, trying not to wake his friends up. Mike stood up, before heading over to the bathroom, the light inside was on, and he could hear something, or someone. It sounded like sniffing, like the type of sniffing when you're trying not to cry. Mike lightly tapped on the closed door, whispering another "Will?" That's when the noise stopped, and he could hear shuffling on the other side of the door. "Will? you in there?" Mike was able to breathe again when he got an answer back.

"Yeah. I woke up and really needed to use the bathroom. I'm sorry if I woke you" Will sounded different. He sounded like he was masking his feelings, his pain...

"You didn't wake me" A small pause. "I was just-" That's when he was cut off, by Will.

"Mike" This took Mike by surprise, but nevertheless, answered.

"Yeah, Will?"

"Could you..." There was a short moment of silence, like Will didn't want to say the next few words, that he was about to speak. "Could you leave me alone please?...I-I'm just not feeling that well, is all. You should go back to sleep" Mike knew something was up, but he was too afraid of actually helping his friend, he never had to deal with Will like this. It was strange to him. Mike wanted to stay, he wanted to lean against the door, and talk to him, wait for him. But he was too afraid. So Mike simply went back to his spot on the floor, closed his eyes, and let sleep takeover again. **Flashback end**\\

Mike was knocked out of his thoughts once again when Will suddenly stood up next to him. Pushing the seat so far it hit Troy's desk, behind

him. "Mr. Clarke." Will's breath, his voice, it was trembling. Was this apart of Will's plan? It didn't matter, Mike stood up and placed his hand over Will's back, slightly leaning over to reach Will's height.

"Will, you okay?" No response. Mike then looked to his two other friends, they had confused, worried looks on their faces. That's when Dustin and Lucas also huddled themselves around Will. Everyone in the entire class was staring at them.

"Boys. What's wrong with Will?" Mr. Clarke questioned, in the nicest way possible. That's when Dustin spoke, as he knew Mike couldn't find any words to speak with.

"Um, Mr. Clarke. We have to take Will to the nurse. I think he's having an incident." Mike noticed Dustin cringing at his own words, he didn't want to use them. "Please" He finished with.

"O-of course. Come on, I'll escort you down" Mr. Clarke was about to step out from behind his desk, but Dustin interjected.

"No!" Which he shouted, before continuing "I think it'd be best if we were the one's to bring Will, and stay with him. He needs his friends. Mike could hear Troy snicker from behind them. God, he'd love to push him on his face again.

"R-right. Go on ahead. Make sure he's okay" Mr. Clarke wasn't obviously going to go against the kid who went missing, so they quickly hurried out of the classroom. Once they made it to the gym, Lucas congratulated Will on his 'performance', Will gave a small smile in return, but Mike knew. Mike knew it wasn't an act, again, he was just scared to try and help, and he didn't even no why.

"Dustin, Lucas, go get the snacks we hid in the back of the ball room" The two boys didn't question anything. Just did as asked. They did bicker about something on the way over to the spot. While the other two were busy getting the second part of the plan ready, Mike took this opportunity to question his friend. It wouldn't take Dustin and Lucas that long, so he had to hurry. "Will? what was that?" Will stared at the taller boy with a puzzled look. Mike almost rolled his eyes, but remembered this was Will, he would never try and hurt him. "Back in the classroom? you seemed out of it? what's going on?"

Will was like a deer in the headlights, obviously surprised by Mike's questioning. Will wasn't answering, he was so out of it. So Mike took hold of Will's shoulders, grabbing him on either side. "Will" Mike stared into Will's eyes. They were vacant, tired, gone. "Will, Please tal-"

"I'm fine, Mike. Really. I told you I was using the incident for a way out, didn't I? I think you just underestimated my acting ability" Will gave another fake smile, making Mike frown once more. This wasn't the Will; he knew and loved. Loved?.

"Okay, let's get going before we're caught." Lucas announced as he and Dustin came back with the backpacks full of snacks. Mike mentally kicked himself for not getting any answers out of Will. He didn't care what Will was telling him, he knew it was all lies. Mike blankly answered with a "yes" before the four of them made their way to the movie theater.

The whole walk there, Mike was in his thoughts, thinking about Will. He didn't converse one bit. When his name was mentioned here and there, Mike would simply nod his head or mumble something incoherent, that probably worked for the first two times. Luckily, the movie theater wasn't that far. The four of them stopped, right around the corner of the movie theater. Step three of the plan was next. "Alright, Mike, oh wise master planner. What's the next step, how are we getting in to see this...what was it called again?" Dustin actually answered excitedly.

"A Nightmare on elm street. Right Mike" Mike nodded in agreement. The new horror movie everyone is talking about. Every kid in class went to see it, so why shouldn't they?

"Yeah, anyway. What's next? we're obviously underage, so?"

"Well, this day works wonders for us, not only because the study group was today, but because Old man, Welch is in the ticket booth today. He really doesn't care about anything, we all know that. So it'll be a cake walk." All of them but Dustin chuckled and smiled at the idea. Mike noticed of course. "Dustin? what's up? is the plan that bad?"

"No. Not at all actually. It's just, I find it oddly convenient that the one worker who doesn't care about his job, is working the day we cut class. It's like we're all in some really bad story and the writer just threw in a plot device, cause he or she ran out of ideas. That's all" The others shrugged, before continuing around the corner, to the theater, not paying much attention, seeing as Dustin was still fine overall.

"Four tickets to a nightmare on elm street, please. Oh, and can we get the seats at the back of the room?" Mike asked as humble and gentle as possible. Old man Welch was usually a cranky guy, well usually as in always. The old man mumbled something before handing the tickets over.

"Yeah, 10 bucks and seventy-six cent." Mike handed him the exact change, he didn't want the grumpy man to actually have to work out his math. "Alright, scram now" The four boys deadpanned before hurrying into the theater.

"Shit, he scares me" Dustin declared as the four of them stood across from the concession stand. The food looked pretty good, especially the popcorn, but it cost more than the ticket itself, so that's why they brought their own snacks. It helps.

"Come on, let's just get in there already. I feel vulnerable standing out here" Lucas ordered, as he marched by his friends, towards the movie room.

When the four of them finally got to their numbered seats, Dustin and Lucas start bickering about the seating arrangement.

"I don't wanna sit beside someone who farts every twenty seconds!"

"That was one time! My stomach wasn't right that day" Dustin retaliated in the way he would.

"Yeah, you can say that again. You stinker" Mike rolled his eyes. The movie would be starting soon, and he just knows he won't be able to enjoy it, if his two friends keep acting like this. That's when he found a solution.

"Hey I know. Dustin, why don't you sit on my left, while Will sits on my right, so Lucas is on Will's right. That way you're further apart, okay?" A few more mocking jokes went by before they agreed. Mike was finally able to relax in his seat. Sometimes he felt like their parent, which wasn't a bad thing, but at times it could be stressful. A few advertisements and trailers came on, before the actual movie, as they always did. During that time, the boys used it to devise the snacks between each other. A few "Hey, I want that one" or "Can we switch, I hate these" went by, but by the time the movie was about to begin, they had sorted it out. Mike had given a few peeks, down at all the seats in front of him and his friends. There looked to be only a few people, other than them. Which was expected, seeing as this movie was already out a week, and the town was fairly small. Also, there didn't seem to be an Usher. Which was kind of strange, he thought. But hey, at least they didn't have to worry about getting kicked out now, right?

It begins. Not even that long into the movie, and the four of them are already shaking in their seats. The character known as Tina, is attacked by the killer of the movie, but it turns out it's just a dream. Or was it? when Tina's mother points it out, it is discovered that Tina's nightgown has slash marks on it. This freaks them out even more. The killer can attack them in their dreams? That made Mike never want to sleep again. He shivered at the thought. Yep, he totally wasn't going to regret this idea. A sweet friendship between Tina and her friend, is shown, which is nice to see, but the moment was spoiled when Dustin spoke up.

"Hey Mike, Tina's friend is called Nancy. Do you think that Nancy has a stick up her butt, too?" That made Lucas giggle, Mike rolled his eyes before saying

"Dustin, shut up, and watch" Dustin responding with a chuckle. A while passed through the movie, and a lot of murder, which was definitely a bad idea. When Mike thought about it, Will hasn't really spoken at all during the entire movie, which again, might be because of the horror. When Mike turned to look at his friend, he noticed the boy was clutching the arms of the seats, hard, like if you tried to pull him, he wouldn't budge. His eyes were drawn to the screen, his face was pale. Oh no. Mike leaned in closer to Will and whispered, trying

not to gain attention from his other friends.

"Will? Are you okay?" No answer. Mike then tapped Will on his arm, this jolted Will out of whatever whole other world he was in. Mike finally got his attention. His eyes, they looked...wet? "Will" Mike tried once more, but Will suddenly got out of his seat and ran out of the room. Dusting and Lucas finally bringing their attention to Will.

"What's up with him?" Lucas questioned, looking to Mike for an answer. Mike shrugged before standing up himself.

"You guys stay here, just in case the usher actually shows up. I'll go check on him" With that, Mike rushed out of the room, to find his friend. Mike's eyes searched all around him. Where could he have gone. There were tons of other rooms. Hell, he might not even be in the theater anymore. That's when Mike remembered. That time he woke up at the sleepover, Will was in the bathroom, this was just like that time, it had to be. Mike ran to the men's room, but when he got to the door he stopped. He began to lose himself in his thoughts. *"If I go in there, I can I actually help Will?..."* The boy's hands balled into fists, like he was frustrated. *"Why am I so afraid to help? why?!"* Why was he so afraid to help? it was something that crossed his mind a lot after the whole El' and- wait, El? Look what happened to her. He lost her, he lost El, because he couldn't help...and there it was, the recognition hit him like a sack of bricks. He was afraid to help Will, because of what happened to El'...What would she say if Mike was acting like this?..probably not much, but still. No more running away. His friend needed him, Will needed him. Mike took a deep breath before pushing open the bathroom door. There were six stalls, and a few urinals outside. When he stepped inside, he heard it again, that sniffing noise, Will. "Will?" Mike called out, and the sniffing stopped.

"W-what?" He sounded worse than before. He sounded broken. This broke Mike's heart, he hated knowing a friend was in pain. He had to do something. Mike stepped closer to the stall Will was in.

"I want to help" Was all he said. Another sniffle. Another foot closer to the stall.

"I don't need help, I'm fine-" This time Mike interrupted Will.

"You're not fine, Will. You think you can hide it well, and sure it works for most people, but I'm not most people. Let me help you. You're my best friend and I can't stand seeing you like this. You're obviously in pain, and I don't know if I can fix you, but I'm sure as hell gonna try!" Mike raised his voice as he inched closer to the stall. He was so close, he was sure Will would be able to see his feet from under the stall door.

"Mike...Please, just leave me alone...Just go back to the movie...I'll be out soon" Will was crying, that part was obvious. And that made Mike tear up. This wasn't going to be like the last time, no.

"I'm not leaving you alone again, got that? Just let me in, Will" Mike placed his palms on the door, leaning a bit in the process.

"Mike. Don't make me ask again...please" Mike winced, letting his own tears fall. He still wasn't going to give up. Not again.

"Fine. If you won't let me in, then I'll just stay here until you come out. Cause' you're not avoiding me this time, Byers." After he said that, Mike sat firmly on the floor, resting his back up against the stall door. There was a long pause between them, not a word being said, no sounds being made. Mike wondered what was going on through Will's mind at the moment. He then heard some shuffling around on the other side of the stall, before he felt a shift of weight press against the door.

"I can't let you in...not yet" Mike was able to breathe again. Finally.

"That's okay. Do you want to talk about it?" Was what he followed up with next.

"Not really, at least no-"

"Not yet?" Mike smiled, he'd get there, just not today.

"Exactly" Will said. And Mike could have sworn he heard a small giggle escape his friends lips after he said that. Another long pause. "Aren't you worried Dustin and Lucas are going to come looking for us?" Will asked with his sweet voice, that sweet voice he loved. Wait, what? what was he thinking?

"U-um, nah. I mean, they're probably arguing with each other on who the hottest girl in the movie is." That made Will giggle, which made Mike smile. It was nice to hear his friend laugh and smile again. Even if he couldn't see it right now, this was enough for now. Another long pause between them both. "Will"

"Yeah Mike?"

"I want you to know that I'm here for you. Okay? You're not alone anymore. And it's not just me. You have Dustin, Lucas, Jonathan, your Mom. Don't forget it." He heard another snuffle.

"I know, I know now. Thank you Mike." Mike couldn't help but smile.

"Anytime."

//I hope all who read this, enjoyed it. As you could tell by the chapter title, there will be a part two, so I hope you guys stick around to read it sometime next week. :)//

4. Let me help you (Part 2)

Summary for the Chapter:

//Mike finally gets the go ahead from Will, to help. But things become complicated when his mind becomes clouded.//

Notes for the Chapter:

//Just want to say, thanks to everyone who reads my beautiful trash :'). As this is a continuation of the last chapter, I will say this again. This certain fic was inspired by Kikinu. Go check them out if you haven't before. You won't regret it.//

//As always. Comments are always appreciated. I really do love them. As well as Kudos'. That is all//

It had been three weeks since that day at the movie theater, and Mike still hadn't fully gotten through to Will, yet. He was becoming frustrated not knowing what to say, but he kind of knew he just had to let him move at his own pace. Though aside from his problem with Will, Mike and his friends had to deal with the repercussions of skipping school that day. Not only were they grounded for a whole month, but they also got detention for a whole month as well. Mr. Clarke was very disappointed that they'd lied to him like that, which made the guilt trip even worse. Also, he never heard the end of it after that, with Dustin and Lucas. He'd hear stuff like "I knew we shouldn't have skipped" and "Now if Troy gets detention, which is highly likely, we can't do anything about it" Stuff like that. To say skipping school was a bad idea, was an understatement. The only interactions the four of them would have, would be at school, or on the walkie-talkies while at home. Now that's fine and all, but Mike couldn't really help Will at School, and he surely couldn't do it by just talking on the walkie-talkie's. As soon as the next week was over, Mike would go straight to Will. He told Will he'd never leave him alone, and he'll make good on his word.

It was the night before another Monday, the four best friends were

talking to each other on their walkie-talkie's, complaining how they have to go through another week of detention. "I love you guys, but if I have to sit in another classroom with you three for another two weeks, doing nothing but studying, I'm going to go crazy" Dustin announced at the top of his voice. They could tell he was joking though.

"Prepare to go crazy, then." Will spoke with a slight pep in his voice, which filled Mike's stomach with butterflies for some reason. You know, now that Mike thought about it, Will does seem to be happier when they're all in detention together. He's usually the quiet one, but when in detention he can't stop talking, which makes Mike happy.

"Oh shit. My mom's coming. Gotta go. I'll see you guys tomorrow."

"Give her a goodnight kiss from me" Dustin replied to Lucas. Mike could practically see Dustin's grin after he heard that. Lucas didn't get to reply though, which was probably eating him alive, being one-upped by Dustin. The three friends laughed at a few more minutes of chatting with each other, before Dustin told them he had to go to bed now. Leaving just Mike and Will. Mike didn't know why, but he got a sudden rush of anxiety. He was nervous of what to say. Should he just keep talking about their regular nerd talk, or should he bring up Will's problem and how he can help? Or should he just give in to his anxiety, lie and say he has to go to bed, too. But before Mike could make up his mind, Will spoke.

"Mike" When Will spoke, he heard fear in his voice. Will's breath was shaky over the talkie. But why. "I'm afraid" It was barely a whisper, but Mike heard it, and it broke him a little. Afraid of what? The demogorgon was gone, thanks to El'. "I see it everyday, Mike. It's cold. It's so cold. Cold and dark. And I'm so alone" Will was crying, Mike could tell by the sound of his friend's voice. "I'm afraid to close my eyes. Cause when I do, I see that place. The upside down. I'm afraid to sleep by myself, cause when I sleep, I see that place in my dreams." Mike felt like crying, but he needed to be there for Will, even if they weren't even in the same room. "I don't want to be afraid. I don't want to be alone. I-I can't give my family this burden to hold again. I know it's selfish, so selfish to ask, but I need you Mike, only you. It can't be anyone else. You said you'd help me. So...so only you. Can you promise me that? Please?" And now it couldn't be helped.

Mike was now crying as well. He tried to keep his composure, but he just couldn't. His friend needed him, and it broke him.

"Promise" Was all Mike could muster after all of that. His throat was tightening from trying to hide his sadness. He would keep good on that promise.

It was the next day, and the four friends stood next to their bikes, locking them on the rack, good. When they all met up with each other along the road, like they always do, Mike could already tell Will barely slept, his eyes the same as before, vacant. When the four of them went to their separate classes, Lucas to English, Will to maths and Dustin and Mike to History. When Mike and Dustin got to class, they took their seats and waited for class to start. In the meantime however, Mike couldn't help worry about Will. He was faking his happiness so no one would worry, that was obvious to him now. Not only that, he was worried that Will might have some sort of panic attack. He sounded so deadly afraid last night. While everyone goes on about their lives like nothing had ever happened. It wasn't fair on Will. Will deserved to be happy, for real. He deserved a good night's sleep. He deserved to not feel alone. Will deserved someone to give him all of those things.

Mike was deep in his thoughts, so deep, he didn't notice he was writing Will's name all over his book. The teacher, teaching his current class seemed to take notice and made a big deal out of it. She first called him out, snapping Mike away from any thoughts about Will. "Michael. What do you think you're doing. You're scribbling all over your history book. What could be so important that you have to ruin a perfectly good cover" His teacher sighed as she took the book from his desk. "Now let's see...Will? why did you write 'Will' all over your book?" The teacher was clueless, but the other students in the class began to draw conclusions of their own. Mike began to hear a few snickers and giggles here and there, making him blush a bright pink around his cheeks. He couldn't even make eye contact with anyone, how could he be so stupid to get lost in his thoughts and do this? How could this get any worse?

"Haha, Frog face? Guess we better start calling him Fag face, instead." Mike heard Troy basically shout to the entire class, making them roar

out in laughter, even though it was a terrible slur, even for Troy's standards. "Well, Wheeler? sounds good, right? I bet 'She' would have been disappointed if she ever got to find out" That was such a low blow. Mike knew exactly who he was talking about, and that drove him over the top, he couldn't take it. Mike almost jumped out of his chair, hands balling into fists of rage. He was about to actually attack Troy with everything he had, but fortunately for him, one of his best friends was there to stop him.

"Mike!" Dustin yelled, grabbing Mike in a headlock, cutting off Mike's sight in the process, everyone was laughing, Mike could barely breathe and the teacher was furious.

"Michael and Dustin. Excuse yourselves from my class this instant! I'll be taking you to the principals office after this class ends. Now wait in the hall and think about how you disrupted my class. Now go!" The teacher yelled, scaring the crap out of the two friends. They dashed out of the room as quickly as possible. Even when the both of them were outside the classroom, Dustin still had Mike in a headlock. Mike blindly slapped at Dustin, dying to breathe.

"Oh, sorry, Mike." Dustin said before letting his friend go. Mike gasping for air right after.

"Dustin, what the hell is wrong with you!" Mike shouted at his friend, not with anger, but with confusion.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I only just saved you from getting another month of detention" When Mike finally got his breath back, he realized what Dustin just said was true. If he hadn't of stopped Mike when he did, he probably would have attacked Troy and first, gotten suspended, and then when the suspension is lifted, get a month of detention. The adults in this place always say bullying will not be tolerated, though Troy was definitely going to get away with that 'fag face' slur, because this whole town is full of small minded idiots., excluding a few of course. Mike gave a long sigh before leaning back against the hall wall. Dustin leaning against the opposite wall.

"Yeah...thanks, Dustin"

"No need to thank me. But you can however tell me what that was all

about." No. Mike couldn't. He couldn't tell Dustin, it's not what Will wants. He doesn't want more people worrying about him. "Mike?"

"U-Uh...it was nothing, really. I was just testing out a new pen to see if it worked well" Dustin simply gave Mike a 'really bitch?' face.

"So...you tested it by writing Will's name all over your book?"

"Uh...yes?"

"Oh come on, Mike! we don't even use pens in History. Pencils only!" Mike wanted to kick himself, hard, for being so dumb. Mike dove his face into the palms of his hands, groaning with frustration. "Tell me, Mike! I'm your friend, you're supposed to tell me things you don't want parents and adults to know, remember?" Damn, he hated Dustin when he used his own words against him. Kind of.

"Dustin, just believe me when I say, it's important to someone, and I can't tell anyone" There was a short pause before Dustin spoke.

"Is it Will?"

"Oh my god, Dustin, I can't tell you!" Another short pause.

"But is it?" Mike sighed, taking his face out of his hands. Dustin wasn't going to let this go. He knew that. Guess he has no choice.

"Alright. It's about Will..." Dustin smiled, nodding along.

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it"

"Shut up" Mike was smiling when he said that, though.

About thirty minutes later, the teacher came out, two minutes before the bell was supposed to go off. She stared Mike and Dustin down, like they were her prey in the jungle, while she was the lion. "Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Henderson. You two come with me now. It's time to see the principal. I wouldn't be surprised if you were both suspended" In reply, which was probably a bad mistake, Dustin said

"For disrupting the class?" He said with a slight pep in tone. Which

was an even bigger mistake. Mike quickly elbowed his friend before he could say more though, and the teacher simply glared at them. About twelve minutes were spent in the Principals office. He had chalked it up as 'bad judgement' So the only punishment they would face was one detention at today's lunch break. The teacher seemed pissed that the punishment wasn't worse. Mike and Dustin were glad to say the least, that there principal was a reasonable guy. And that he actually wasn't a bigoted idiot, like most adults in this town. After that, the two friends said their 'See you at detention' before heading off to their next classes. While Mike walked to his next class, he could hear Dustin in the back of his head, the entire way. Saying what he said, before they parted ways. 'Oh, and don't think you're getting out of this talk. Me and you will be all alone, come lunch, so we'll have plenty to talk about' he sighed, he really didn't have a choice in the matter at all.

//I've decided to make this certain fic a possible 3 or 4 part series. The next part will be up some time next week. Thank you :)//

5. Let me help you (Part 3)

Summary for the Chapter:

//Mike and Dustin have a needed chat. Mike finds out how his friends think of him and Will//

Notes for the Chapter:

//How's it going peoples. This chapter was actually split into, two parts. The next chapter will pick up from where this one leaves off. As always. Kudos' and comments are very much appreciated. I hope those who read, enjoy.

PS: Also, as the previous chapters of "Let me help you" have gotten inspiration from Kikinu. Just wanted to continue by saying they always will. This whole story is inspired by them. That is all :)

The bell for lunch had just rang, Mike and Dustin were making their way towards the room for detention. It did suck that they had to sit in this empty room while everyone else was enjoying recess, then again, when Mike did go out for recess, him and guys would simply sit under the jungle gym set. At least he didn't have to spend it alone, is what he wished he could say. Dustin was going to hound him for answers, he just knew it. No teachers to supervise, which means they could talk all they wanted, again, bad for Mike. Though the vice principal should check in on the room every ten minutes or so.

The two of them stepped into the empty room, looked around and there she was, the vice principal, Ms. Nicholl. She was hunched over, hair gray, obviously dyed, big round glasses. Wore those clothes you'd see at your Grandma's house. She worked here for years, even before Will's big brother Jonathan came to this school. Though Mike never seen much of her at his own classes, she was kind from what he had seen, so it wasn't all bad.

"Oh there you two are. Mike Wheeler and Dustin Henderson, I presume?" They gave a quick nod in response. "Okay, have a seat wherever you like." Mike and Dustin took the two front seats, beside each other, probably out of habit. Ms. Nicholl opened her desk draw and pulled out two sheets of paper, and over the past three weeks, the boys found these particular sheets very familiar. "Penalty sheets. Once you complete the sheets, you can eat" She told them with a giggle afterwards, which made the two of them cringe in their seats. "Okay, I'll check in on you both a few times throughout the break. Your lunch hour begins now" She said with a smile. before leaving the room, leaving the two friends alone.

"So, Mike-" Dustin started, but Mike cut him off.

"Dustin. Before you hound me with questions, let's just get these sheets done first, okay?"

"Okay?, but I was just gonna ask what you got for lunch? my mom packed me a PB&J." His friend responded, following with one of those smiles, that just made everyone else in the entire room smile.

"Oh..." Mike mentally kicked himself. What if Dustin had completely forgot about the whole Will thing? damn his big mouth! The boys whipped out their pencils and began to work on the penalty sheets. They had tons of practice with these, so they were done fairly quickly. In around six minutes, matter of fact.

"So...?" Dustin began again.

"So....what?"

"What'd you get for lunch? geeze. Is that were Nancy's stick went?" Mike was dumbfounded for a moment, until he remembered and realized what Dustin meant.

"Oh, very funny. And if you must know. I have a ham and cheese sandwich, alright?"

"And?"

Mike gave a heavy sigh before answering "Apple juice, and a box of nerds." Dustin literally jumped from his desk onto Mike

"Trade me. I'll give you a nutter butter and an apple for the box of nerds" First, Mike scoffed, second, he pushed his friend back into his own seat and third.

"No way, dude! Are you crazy?" Dustin gave a really convincing pout, as he stared at Mike eating his lunch. Mike tried to ignore him, and he was doing a pretty good job too, but then Dustin start whimpering like a hurt dog or something, which made it worse. "Ugh, fine, here!" Mike threw the box of nerds to his friend, defeated yet again.

"Here's your half of the trade" Dustin announced handing over the candy bar and apple, looking very happy with himself. Well, at least it was a red apple.

A few minutes later and Ms. Nicholl returned, peeking her head through the open door. "Hello again. Are you two doing alright? no trouble with the sheets or anything like that?"

"We're fine, Ms. Nicholl. Mike and I just had our lunch" Dustin responded, showing his famous smile again.

"That's good. Well, I'm down the hall in the teachers lounge if you need me." With that, she left Mike and Dustin alone again.

Mike stared at the door that was just closed. He was afraid to turn around and face Dustin. The penalty sheets were done, they finished their lunch, so there was nothing to stop Dustin from questioning him now. All of a sudden Dustin plopped his chair in front of Mike's desk, resting on his crossed arms, that were now placed on the desk. "Mike" His friend clearly not letting up, Mike sighed yet again in defeat and turns to face Dustin. "Look, Mike. I don't wanna be a nosy-Nancy, but I can tell that something is obviously bothering you, and going off of what you did in class, I say it's because of Will. Now you can sit there and ignore me like a baby all you want, or you can tell me what's going on. Your choice."

"Okay, okay. I'll tell you. But...but you can't tell Lucas, Will promised me not to tell anyone, so fewer people that know, the better." Dustin nodded, agreeing to Mike's requests. He then sat there, waiting for his friend to talk. "Okay. So, remember when the four of us ditched

school to see that horror movie?"

"Yeah?"

"Remember when Will left all of a sudden, so I went to check on him"

"Yeah, I remember, you two didn't come back until the end, you missed some of the best parts of the movie"

"That's not the point. Well, Will had some sort of panic attack, I don't really know. And I think something similar happened before at one of our sleepovers, but I didn't confront him on it." Mike paused, fiddling with his thumbs a bit.

"But this time you did. Is that what you were going to say?" Mike nodded. Dustin was so smart, Mike loved him for it. "So? what happened next?"

"Will, was in one of the stalls, I could hear him crying softly, like he didn't want anyone to hear him, you know?" Another nod from Dustin. "Instead of ignoring it this time, I confronted him about it. I asked him what was going on with him...He wouldn't tell me. He did tell me that he needed help, he needed saving, Dustin. I-I couldn't just ignore him, not again..." Mike was now squeezing his hands together, of course he didn't notice though. "I told him, I told him I'd help, no matter what. I would never leave him alone, never." This is where the hard part came in. Mike took a breather before continuing, Dustin, sitting quietly, waiting for the rest of the story. "Will said he sees the upside down. When he closes his eyes, when he goes to sleep, everywhere. He asked me Dustin...he asked for me...No one else" Dustin furrowed his brows, confused, so chose to question Mike.

"He asked you for what, Mike?" Mike also hadn't noticed he began to tear up, which wasn't really like him.

"I knew he was faking his smile, I just knew it!" That's when he began to clench his hands in frustration. He also raised his voice. I-I promised I'd help, I promised I'd help fix him, because I know he's broken. B-But I don't know how to help, Dustin. How can I?! I'm not smart like you, I don't have abilities like El'. I'm not strong like the Chief. I'm just Mike..." The tears began to fall, hitting the desk on

their way down. Mike was about to bury his face into his hands, but Dustin stopped him, he leaned across the table and pushed Mike up by his shoulders.

"Mike. Don't put yourself down, just because you think you can't help. Did you ever wonder why Will asked for you, and no one else? there's obviously a reason. And...and I think I know why. But I think we should focus on the matter at hand." This caught Mike's attention. He sniffled away his tears, and wiped his eyes before looking straight at Dustin.

"Tell me! I need to know why he asked for me, and not anyone else. It doesn't make sense, why? right?"

"It doesn't make sense to someone as oblivious as you maybe..." Mike was honestly confused.

"What are you talking about?" Mike heard his friend let a sigh slip out, before he answered.

"I really don't think I should say it. I mean, I could be wrong, but then again, about eighty percent of me believes it to be true."

"Believe what to be true?! spit it out" Mike was about to lose his mind. If there was a special reason to why Will asked for him and him alone, he wanted to know.

"I think Will likes you!" Dustin blurted out, so fast, Mike almost didn't catch it. But he did, and he was dumbfounded when it was said. What does he mean? Will likes everyone, he's Will.

"What do you mean, he likes me? Pretty sure he likes you and Lucas too. We're all his friends, Dustin." Dustin actually facepalmed himself.

"Not like that, dumbass! He likes you likes you! Like you liked Eleven." Mike made the biggest 'o' shape with his mouth. He was sure of it.

"W-wait. You mean Will is a fa-OW!" Dustin had hit Mike's shoulder, pretty hard might he say. "What was that for!?" He demanded, gripping his shoulder, rubbing it in the process.

"Gay" Is all he replied with.

"What?"

"Not fag, not queer, gay. It's best to use that. Will might find the others hurtful, and I wouldn't blame him, because Troy uses those all the time."

"Oh...right." Mike then shook his head in disbelief. "Wait, what makes you so sure that Will is even gay?"

"Oh come on, Mike. How can you not see it. Those hundreds of drawings for you didn't give the slightest hint whatsoever?"

"It's not hundreds, it's more like twenty...that doesn't prove anything"

"Okay. How about the fact that he always tries to sit next to you in whatever class you are in together. Or when we have sleepovers, he always sleeps next to you. Hmm? explain that away." And honestly, he couldn't. Mike didn't know if this was all just Will being Will, or if Will actually did like him.

"L-look! even if Will did like me, which he probably doesn't, cause, I mean, look at me" Dustin groaned at that. "I can't be thinking about that right now. I need to focus on helping him. Not thinking about him liking me back, Dustin" It was right then, that second he finished his sentence, is when he felt like his head was going to explode. What did he just say?!

"Did you just-" Dustin started but Mike shut him down fast.

"NO! I-I mean, I just got my words a little mixed up for a second. That's all, I swear." Mike knew his words weren't convincing his friend, but he didn't know what else to say.

"Mike. It's okay if you like-" Dustin was interrupted once again, but not by Mike, this time by the vice principal, Ms. Nicholl.

"I'm sorry I didn't check up on you two sooner, one of the kids fell and hurt themselves, and I had to bring her to the nurse, and make sure she was okay." She opened her mouth to talk again, but paused and stared at Mike. "Michael, are you alright? you look like you've

been crying. Is everything okay here?"

"Oh, no, this?" Referencing to his eyes "I just got something stuck in my eye and I wiped it like an idiot"

"In both eyes?" Ms. Nicholl asked, seeming unconvinced.

"Um...yes?" Dustin sighed, while Mike stuck with what he told her, even if it was a stupid lie.

"I see..." She then turned her attention to Dustin. "Anything to add, Dustin?" Dustin simply shook his head no, giving her another innocent smile. "Hmm. Well, you two should get going. The bell's going to ring any minute, now."

"What?!" The two of them said in unison. How long have they been talking?

"Don't tell me sitting in an empty room with each other is that fun?" She joked before giggling again. "But yes, it's been almost an hour. So, off you go. I hope I don't have to see you both here at lunch again, anytime soon" They both gave her a quick smile in return before hurrying out of the room.

Ms. Nicholl was right, the bell was going to ring any minute. Mike had gym next, and Dustin, maths. Mike was about to hurry himself away, down the hall, but Dustin grabbed him. "Mike. Don't just ignore what you're feeling."

"I'm not. I-I just, I can't do anything about it, not now. Will needs my help." Oh boy, here we go again. He was starting to tear up again. Mike shut his eyes, trying to hold it together. But he couldn't. He began to sob. "I-I've never felt this way. Not until El' came along, and went...why does this all have to happen? It wouldn't be fair on Will! He's broken and trapped, and all I can think about is how much I love him!" He said it. There. "I want to tell him, so bad. So he knows he's not alone, but if he doesn't feel the same way, it could all go to shit! Not to mention the fact that he already has problems, that I need to help him with! I can't lose him again, Dustin" Suddenly, Mike was pulled into a hug. Dustin placed both his arms around the taller boy,

tightly. Mike lowered his head onto his friend's shoulder, letting his tears stain his friend.

"It's going to be okay, Mike. We're going to get past this. You have to trust me, okay? Trust me. If you tell Will about how you feel, he will not reject you, I swear" Mike noticed that Dustin spoke with what sounded like experience. He didn't look into it, though. "Now come on, clean your face up and get to class, We don't wanna be late. You'd have to spend even more time with me" Dustin told him, chuckling a little afterwards, making Mike gain his smile once again.

"Okay. I trust you." They were about to head their separate ways again, but Mike ran back and pulled Dustin into a hug. "Thanks" Was all he said before leaving to his next class.

"Where, were you guys? Me and Will had to deal with Troy's bullshit alone" Lucas announced with annoyance in his voice, but they all knew he didn't really mean it. The four of them were heading to detention. As instructed to do for the past three weeks. Fortunately this was the last week of it.

"Yeah, sorry. Mike and I got detention for disrupting class" Dustin answered back with a shrug of his shoulders, after his words.

"How did you disrupt the class?" Will asked, joining in on the conversation. Mike and Dustin had to make up an excuse. They couldn't exactly say something like 'Mike was writing your name all over his book and then almost attacked Troy for calling him fag-face' Nope, they had to say something different.

"Oh, Dustin just told a really funny joke and we couldn't stop laughing" Mike lied, and Will gave him a look, he couldn't figure it out though. Maybe, skeptical? who knows.

"What was the joke?" Lucas suddenly asked. He had a disbelieving look on his face. Mike stared at Dustin for an answer, but Dustin had nothing.

"Uh, I can't remember. Dustin?" Mike felt bad about throwing his friend under the bus like that, but oh well. Dustin seemed stunned,

not knowing what to say.

"Um. Well, I didn't really tell a joke, I kind of just went" Dustin finished that sentence by doing some fart noises with his hand under his armpit. Lucas was done, and Will still had that look on his face.

"Ah...." Dustin blurted out, stretching his entire body next to the rack of bikes. They had all just got out of detention, and were getting their bikes ready to leave. The sky was losing its light, stars finally beginning to appear, the sun setting. It always got dark early, around this time of year. Mike didn't mind at all, but he did mind about Will. He just had to wonder, was Will really okay with cycling home in the dark, after the incident. Maybe he should go with Will? What would Will think though? would he be okay with it? what would Lucas think? if Dustin could see through Mike, Lucas probably could too. Mike was stuck, he didn't know what to do. He peeked his head up towards Dustin's view. His friend motioned towards Will.

"See you guys tomorrow I guess" Will announced, getting onto his bike, and about to leave. That was until Mike stepped in.

"Will, wait." Will placed his feet firmly on the ground, leaning a little, still on his bike.

"Yeah, Mike?" There it was again, that fake smile.

"Wanna cycle home together?" Will looked surprised, to say the least. Lucas looked like he was about to speak, but Dustin elbowed him, getting an elbow back in the process.

"Me and Lucas are gonna go now. Let's talk on the walkies tonight" Dustin spoke, hurrying Lucas along with him. Mike could hear them bicker as they cycled away. Mike kind of wondered after that, would Dustin tell Lucas all he told him today? What would Lucas even think? Mike was knocked out of his thoughts when the younger boy in front of him finally answered.

"Won't you get in trouble? Won't your parents be wondering where you went?" There was another look on Will's face. Like, he wanted Mike to say no and cycle with him, but there was something else too.

"Probably. But I don't mind. Other than detention, I've barely seen you. I miss you Will." It wasn't completely dark, so Mike was sure Will could see his cheeks flush up with a hint of pink.

"Uhm, oh..." Will stood there shyly, kicking a free pebble with his foot. Mike thought it was cute. It didn't last long however. "You've barely seen Lucas and Dustin, too, right? what about them" Will tilted his head down, exiting Mike's sight. That caught Mike off guard. What was he supposed to say? 'I don't love them, like I do you?' He couldn't. It could ruin everything. Mike was speechless. "Are you doing this because you're worried about me? is that it?"

"Yes, w-wait, n-no. It's not like that, Will. I-I can't tell you why, not yet. Not until I help you" Mike could see Will's face scrunch up, obviously he had said the wrong thing.

"I told you, I didn't want anyone bending over backwards for me! This is why i didn't want to tell anyone about my rproblem!...Just...just go home Mike. Don't get in even more trouble, because of me" And he was gone. Will may have been the smallest in their group, but damn, he was definitely the fastest. Mike kicked one of his tires in frustration. He failed, again.

It was around half ten. That's the time Karen usually orders Mike to go too bed. Which she did, but that was besides the point. Mike, Dustin and Lucas were talking to each other on the walkie-talkies, Will was absent, and Mike could bet why. Him and his big mouth.

"So Mike" Lucas suddenly disrupted the conversation they were having about Dungeons and Dragons.

"What's up?" Mike responded.

"Were you ever going to let me on this whole Will thing?" Mike was about to scream. He did however keep it together and frustratingly tussled in his bed. If there was a contest for loud mouths, he'd be second, Dustin would be first.

"Dustin, what the hell, dude?! I told you not to tell anymore people!"

"I know, I know, And I'm sorry. But if you knew me and Lucas have been talking about you and Will in secret, then you'd understand" This time, Lucas screamed down the talkie.

"Dustin?! You weren't supposed to say anything about that! Now they'll never tell each other!" Mike was confused as hell. To anyone else it would probably be laughable.

"What are you two talking about?"

"Uhhh, nothing." Lucas responded.

"You guys better tell me, or I'll give you terrible fates in the next campaign!" He could practically see the look of horror on their faces.

"Alright, Satan, calm down." Dustin quickly responded. "So what if me and Lucas were talking about you and Will having possible crushes on each other. Is it really that big of a deal? Besides, we know on your behalf it's more than a crush?" Mike may be alone in his room, but he still blushed hard.

"Yeah, I don't think secrets are healthy" Lucas chimed in. "Plus, we don't care if you two wanna do gross stuff like suck face. Really."

"Ugh, shut up, both of you. You're making my head hurt." There was a long silence on the walkie-talkies. That was until Mike spoke again. "Listen. Can we please just forget about my feelings for Will, or Will's POSSIBLE feelings for me? He needs help and I don't know how to. I tried doing it today, you know, cycle home with him, but he doesn't want anyone bending over backwards for him. He's too kind, of a person for that."

"Mike. I said it before, and I'll say it again. Did you ever think that Will maybe just needs someone special in his life? Just someone there for him, so he doesn't feel alone" Mike did have to wonder if Dustin was right. What if Will really did like him, and he just needed somebody there for him. Someone to hug him, someone to kiss him, someone to- "Well, Mike? What do you think? Lucas thinks it's a good idea. Plus, the worst that could happen is he rejects you and your friendship, and never wants to see you again" Mike deadpanned.

"Shut up, Dustin. Look, I'll see you both tomorrow, I'm going to sleep now" Mike declared before turning his walkie-talkie off and setting it down, beside his bed.

The Wheeler family were sitting around the kitchen table, enjoying their breakfast that morning. Mike was having a bowl of cereal, Nancy had some toast and orange juice, while the other three members of his family were eating waffles. Mike always stayed away from waffles. Never really ate or went near them after El'. they just reminded him of her, and it hurt. Their breakfast was momentarily interrupted when the house phone rang. As always, Mike's mom Karen got up to answer it.

"Hello, Wheeler residence... Oh hi, Joyce" Mike almost choked on his cereal when he heard the name of Will's Mom. He stared up at his mother, she had her back turned to him. Mike instantly tensed. He always got tense when Joyce would call. Just like that day. "Oh..." Karen turned to Mike, a frown on her face. Mike was getting choked up, he felt ill now. "Okay, Joyce. I'll let him know. bye." She finished, hanging up the phone. Mike, sweetie. Will-" Oh god it's about Will. Mike was literally holding his breath, actually forgetting to breathe. "-Won't be coming to school, today. Joyce told me he's feeling a little ill. She just thought you let you and the other boys know" Mike let out a huge breath after that, body becoming less tense, becoming normal again. Phew...Mike was so glad that's all it was.

Another typical day of school went by. The usual Troy and James picking on them. The crappy time at recess. The awesome Mr. Clarke, who was still giving them looks of shame. And then detention. The only thing that made school worse, was when Will wasn't there with him. It felt wrong when Will wasn't there.

Mike, Lucas and Dustin all cycled home together after detention. On the way, they were talking mainly about Will and how they could help, but Mike made it very clear that HE and he alone had to be the one to help Will. If Will found out he told Dustin and Lucas, then who knows what Will would think of him then. In the end, they agreed.

The three of them said the usual time for their walkie-talkie, talk.

And said their goodbyes.

Mike was sitting down in his basement, alone. He was reading up on some comics. He was sitting inside the blanket fort he had built for El'. He liked sitting in there. Unlike the eggos, it was a nice reminder of her. But he never really let anyone else inside it though. Just him. Something disturbed his quiet reading, though. It sounded like static. Mike nearly had a heart attack, but then he heard his name being called out, through his walkie-talkie across the room. Mike sighed of relief before going to fetch the walkie-talkie. "Hello? Mike speaking." There was a small moment of silence, but it ended when the response came back.

"Mike" It was Will. "Mike. I don't feel so good right now..." He sounded terrified.

"I know, Will. Your Mom let my Mom know that you were ill. Why tell me about it?"

"No. It's not that, Mike. I'm not sick...I-I need help..." The second Will said that, Mike knew what he meant. Mike jumped out of the blanket fort. Put his shoes on as fast as he could, and ran out the back door. He sneakily grabbed his bike and left for Will's house. Mike was not going to fail. Not again!

6. UPDATE!

//Hey there. For all those who have commented and left kudos', and actually enjoy reading my beautiful trash. I am sorry to say that I have to take a break on this whole thing. I'm just not at a good place at the moment, and I'd prefer not to say for all to read, but I promise it's a good excuse. Maybe in the Summer I'll be able to pick this back up. I really do want to keep going with this, believe me. I'm kind of envious of my favourite fic authors out there, still writing their masterpieces. I will continue to support those I find in any way I can, be it kudos or comment. I really hope no one minds me taking this break. Again, sorry :(

Sincerely, Paul (I know, boring name, don't blame me//

//Ps- Just one last thing before I go. Check out "The Crypto Kids" by "theawkwardunderscore" and "The Promise" by "iolaus1024". The fics are only at the beginning, but man, they are enticing. They both have amazing writing, and an interesting plot. Please give it a read, if you love Byeler as much as I do <3.//

7. Let me help you (Part 4 Final)

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike and Will reveal the truth to one another.

Notes for the Chapter:

//OKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK. Don't think I forgot about this. And I hope I wasn't forgotten. Let me just start off by saying. I'm sorry for the long ass break. I was having a tough time. Still kind of am. But I am much better. Just busy at the moment with some stuff. I cut down a lot of stuff from this story, but for good reason. I wanted to finish Let me Help you, so, so badly. So yeah, the final chapter is kinda short and corny. But fear not. I will be continuing the one-shots. I just don't know when they'll be out. And I will most definitely be doing some "Let me Help you" one-shots. I hope all who read, enjoy. Thank you for being patient//

Mike jumped off of his bike, letting it tumble to the ground. He ran up to the Byers doorstep, and shouted out his friend's name. "Will?!" There was no answer, not from Joyce, Jonathan and definitely not Will. He didn't care, he wasn't going to leave Will alone again. Mike threw open the front door of the house. If Joyce and Jonathan weren't really home, then he could just barge in. "Will, where are you?" Again, no reply "Talk to me! Please." Worry was bubbling up inside of his chest, not knowing where his best friend was, was making him afraid of what might have happened. That's when he heard it. The sobs of his best friend. They were soft, barely audible, but Mike heard them. He hurriedly searched the house down. Checking Will's room first seemed to be the obvious place to start. "Will, are you in here?" No answer, but the sobs could still be heard, they came from inside this room. "Will? It's Mike. I came for you." Still just sobs. "Byers, talk to me please. You don't have to be alone in this." The sobs were beginning to tone down, followed by some slight sniffing.

"Mike" Finally. He spoke. Mike heard it come from Will's closet. The taller boy turned towards said closet, opened it up and what he saw made Mike feel pain. Not the type of pain you felt when you'd trip and graze your knee or break a bone. No this pain was worse. Far worse. Will Byers. His best friend. Was curled up into a ball, not moving, just sobbing. It pained Mike to see him like this. The boy that lights up any room with a smile, was broken.

"Will..." Mike was on the edge of crying, himself. But he didn't. He was going to stay strong. Not for himself. But for Will. "Will, look, it's okay. I'm here to help" Mike announced to the seemingly 'out of it' Will, as he leaned down onto the carpeted floor, inside the dimly lit closet. When he didn't get any visible response out of the boy, Mike reached out his hand, and cautiously tapped Will on the shoulder. The younger, smaller boy was startled by this, and he suddenly jumped up. Screaming at the top of his lungs, sheer terror in his face.

"NO! PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!" The young boy screamed. While he tussled and threw his hands about. Mike being fairly close in range, eventually taking a clean hit on the side of his face.

"WILL!" Mike shouted, trying to get through to his friend. When that wasn't working, Mike grabbed Will, crushing him into a hug. The younger boy was still throwing himself about, trying to break free from Mike's grasp. "Will. It's Mike. You're home. You're home! You hear me?! You're not there anymore!" It was obvious to Mike that, that's where Will found himself in his own mind. Yet, still nothing worked. Mike was desperate. He'd do anything to calm Will down. Even it meant risking their friendship. Sure, Dustin may be right about Will liking him, but you can never tell what someone else is feeling, unless they straight up tell you. "Will...Don't hate me" That's when he did it. Mike actually did it. It was like that one time with her, but, this was different. It wasn't to simply show his love. It was to save a friend. Their lips collided, sticking together for what seemed like an hour, was only about six seconds. Will had stopped shaking, thrusting and fighting back when it happened. When Mike pulled away to look at his friend, he saw him. He saw the boy he fell for.

"Mike?..." Will's eyes were red, wet, but Mike could see the Will he knew in them. "Oh my god, did you see me have one of those..." His friend seemed to struggle saying something like 'panic attacks'. So

Mike helped him out some more.

"All I saw was my friend. My friend that needed help" Mike responded, trying his best to give a genuine smile.

"H-how did you know I needed help?" Was he serious? What was he talking about? Will was the one that called out for his help.

"You selected my channel on the walkie-talkie. You said you needed help" When he told Will this, Will looked confused. Looked at Mike like he was dreaming or something. "You don't remember?" Mike asked. Will responded by tilting his head to face the ground. "Hey" Mike said, lifting the younger boy's face up, gently with his hand. "That's okay. I really don't mind you calling me for help. Don't be afraid too. I'll always be here to help you, Will. We'll get past this. Together." Mike told him, softly gripping his hand, within his own. By the look on Will's face, he was surprised by the action. This confused Mike. Why would this shock him and not...the kiss? Unless...

"Mike, um, why are you?..." Will stretched out his sentence, obviously too nervous to confront the matter.

"Will, what's the last thing you remember?"

"Um..well, I was just reading some comics, when, well you know. I got scared because of..." Of course. Will had no recollection of the kiss. He has no memory of anything that happened in the past hour by the looks of it.

"Will...I need to tell you some-" Mike was cut off before he could even finish his sentence. Will gently pushed Mike out of the closet, stepping into the room along with him. Being in the lit up room, and not in the dark closet. Will could see a large red mark, planted on Mike's left cheek. Will slowly raised his hands towards Mike's new face mark, touching it gently with his fingers. Mike knew what was coming now.

"I hit you..." Mike could see it in Will's face. He looked sick of himself. "Oh my god. Mike. I'm so sorry. I-I didn't...I didn't...mean..." Will was beginning to cry again. Mike got a close up look at Will's

teary face, when the younger boy faced him. "Please, don't be angry. Mike, pl-" Mike had to stop him now. There was no way he was going to let Will get upset at something he didn't even mean to do.

"Hey, it's okay. This?" Mike said pointing to the red mark. "It's nothing. Doesn't hurt one bit. Besides, you were basically sleep walking, Will. It's not your fault" Mike announced to the crying boy. And if that wasn't enough, Mike had also grabbed Will's head and placed it against his own. "You hear me? Stop being stupid Byers." The two boys suddenly gave some soft chuckles. "There's that smile I love" Mike pulled the sleeve of his jumper up, and wiped away Will's fresh tears. "There's no need to cry when I'm around. It hurts when I see you cry, Will. More than you could imagine." Will smiled at that. Which in return made Mike smile back. For a moment, the two of them stood there, in the middle of the room, awkwardly staring at each other. Where to go from here? Mike wanted so badly to tell Will. Seeing as he didn't recall the kiss. He wanted to tell Will that he'd always be there for him. That he would protect him, always. That he loved him. More than a friend...No! He will. Right now. Will needs it. "Wi-"

"Mik-" They cut each other off in unison."Um, you first?" Will asked, Mike nodded in response.

"Will." This was harder than he thought. "I need to tell you something." He took a deep breath, then let go, before continuing. "I need to tell you something. Something I've been thinking about for so long now. And it took me this long to realize it. But, Will. I...I" Surprising to Mike, Will squeezed Mike's hand. Reminding Mike that he also had someone, just like Will did. Mike smiled in return. "I L..." Mike was never this nervous. Of course the one to cause this though, is the dashing Will Byers. Mike was about to try and say it one more time. But to his surprise, Will spoke.

"I love you, too" The younger boy announced, along with a shy smile. Mike then pulled his friend into a hug. Both of them, hugging each other as tightly as possible. When the two of them finally pried themselves from each other, they just stared at each other, that was until Will spoke. Always knowing what to do. "Wanna read some comics?" Mike gave a toothy grin.

"I'd love that."

//Thanks to all who enjoyed this small 4 part fic, within a series of one-shots. Comments and Kudos' are always appreciated :)//

8. Concert

Summary for the Chapter:

Will, Dustin and Lucas work their butts off, so Mike can go see one of his favorite bands. But Will doesn't expect anything other than friends having fun at a concert. Boy was he wrong...

Notes for the Chapter:

//Hey guys, just wanted to say, sorry for not uploading sooner. Been real busy. But hey, AO3 has been lacking in the Byler/Byeler department lately. I kept refreshing, hoping to see some new or updated fics, alas, there haven't been. So here ya go, a Modern AU of MikexWill. Hope y'all enjoy. Also, please excuse my mistakes, if any.//

It was mid summer. June 8th to be specific. From January to now, Will, Lucas and Dustin had heard Mike, nonstop talking about how the band, SWMRS would be in the next town over for a concert on their tour. Unfortunately for Mike, he didn't have the money to be buying tickets, which killed him inside, giving it was one of his favorite bands. Seeing Mike so down about not being able to go see a band he adores, broke Will's heart. So the young Byers boy came up with an idea, an idea he'd pitch to his two other friends Lucas and Dustin.

"Guys. What if we get summer jobs to get some money?" Will asked, pitching the idea that had struck him last night.

"What are you talking about, Will?" Asked a cautious Lucas, who still had his eyes glued onto the road in front of him. Lucas was the only one out of the four to have his licence. So he basically drives everywhere now. Not that anyone minds, though, Will does sort of miss the bike rides between the four of them. Though, he guessed that'd be weird for, four twenty-somethings to be doing.

Will was in the back seat, Lucas in the drivers, and Dustin in the

passengers. "Like, what if we look for a summer job, just to make a bit of money so we can buy those tickets to that band Mike likes?"

"Will. You didn't even know who SWMRS were until Mike started talking about them" Lucas pointed out, along with a sigh. That's when Dustin jumped into the conversation, slight pep in his voice.

"Will wants to get Mike those tickets because he has a huge crush on him, Right, Will?" Dustin spoke, with a playful mocking tone.

"I keep telling you, I don't like, Mike, like that." Will tried to look angry, but he failed, mainly do to his small stature and baby face. Will was the youngest out of the four, and undoubtedly the smallest, so it was kind of funny to see him angry.

"Riiiiight, and I don't like pizza. Pfft" Dustin said, using that playful mocking tone again. It was no secret that Will was gay. He had decided to come out to his friends and family when he was just sixteen. To Will's surprise, he was accepted by everyone. Not one person treated him differently. The only downside to coming out, was that his friends constantly pestered him with questions like "You find any lovers yet?" or "Who are you crushing on?" and more specifically when Mike isn't around "When you gonna ask Mike out?" Will always shook the questions off, with a no, nobody, or shut up. But, truth be told. Will did indeed like, Mike. More than anyone could imagine. Hell, he's been crushing on Mike since he was eleven. There was just something about Mike that Will loved. Besides his dashing looks, beautiful freckles, deep brown eyes. He had a warm personality, and would do anything for his friends. Mike was truly special in Will's eyes. And it seemed like everyone, even his own Mother, knew about Will's crush on Mike, but Mike himself.

"Anyway, what do you guys say? will you help me by getting a job?" His two friends responded with a long "Hmmm" so Will replied with "PLEEEEEEEASE" Until they agreed. So from that day onward, the three of them set out to raise money for some concert tickets.

Over the next month. Will, Dustin and Lucas had worked their butts

off, in secret, to Will's request. Will had gotten a little job in his town's local store, doing some cleaning up, or bits and pieces behind the register. Dustin, had gotten a job, walking dogs. That's right, walking dogs. Dustin said if he was getting a job, it'd be one with some animals or o job at all. And finally Lucas had signed up with that Uber thing. Will hated the idea of driving complete strangers around, he admired Lucas for it. The only downside to doing all this, was that the three of them didn't get to hang out with Mike all that much. Will could tell Mike was a little down, when Will had gotten a call from him. Mike was just asking did he wanna hang out around at castle Byers, Will's treehouse. Will smiled, reminiscing about all the fun times they had at castle Byers when they were kids. But Will had work, so he had to say no. Mike tried to sound like he was okay with not being able to hang out, but Will could hear the disappointment in his voice. He kept telling himself that this is all for Mike, it'll all be worth it soon. They'll have the best time ever at the concert. All four of them, together again. Unfortunately not all of them would be making it to the concert. All because of some drunk teens.

It was now July 29th, one day before the concert tickets went on sale. The three hard working friends met up at castle Byers to see how much they've come up with for the tickets. The three of them sat on the wooden floor of the treehouse, cross legged. Will pulled out his wallet, from his back jeans pocket, sighing as he did so. "Alright, now seeing as we had to help Lucas pay for the damage to his car, I only have eighty bucks." Will announced, slight bitter tone rolling off his tongue.

"Hey, don't blame me, those girls were so drunk and kept messing. Also, they kept kicking the back of my seat, you try driving with that going on" Lucas exclaimed in a very salty manor. The three of them originally had much more, but obviously they had to pay for the damage to Lucas' car. "Anyway, I've got fifty-five" Will facepalmed, Lucas definitely had the most money before all of this shit happened. The swmrs tickets cost ninety dollars a ticket. They had 135 all together at the moment, meaning they needed another forty-five bucks if one f them where to go with Mike. It was all down to Dustin

now. Depending on how much he has left, this could decide everything. The three of them knew Mike wouldn't go by himself, especially if they bought him the ticket, but if someone went with him, he might actually accept the ticket.

Dustin slowly pulled out his wallet, his face seemed blank, Will couldn't read it. Please, Dustin, please. Will pleaded within his thoughts. The curly headed boy opened his wallet up, looked inside, then to his two friends "Guys..." Dustin started. Oh no, he didn't have enough! All that for nothing, Will felt like screaming. "Looks like Mike isn't going to see SWMRS" Will bowed his head, ready to implode, until. "BY HIMSELF!" Dustin suddenly shout out, laughing as he did so "Look at your faces!" Will jumped up, huge grin on his face.

"Wait really? Really Dustin, you're not kidding?" Dustin shook his head and handed Will the money a whole seventy bucks. Will was able to breathe again. Lucas stood up next to the both of them and gave Dustin a friendly punch on the arm.

"You, ass. I really thought we didn't make enough!" Will was too happy to give Dustin an earful. So he let Lucas do it for him. While Will gathered the money and put it together, Dustin and Lucas were play-fighting, actually play-fighting. Dustin twenty two years old and Lucas, twenty three years old, play fighting. Will couldn't help but smile at the two of them. it was like old times. Will missed this so much. When they all calmed down, they safely climbed down the poorly built ladder, and began walking back towards Will's house.

"So, um..." Will started to talk, but was kind of nervous of the answer he'd get.

"What is it Will?" Dustin questioned back.

"I was just wondering. Since we only have enough for two tickets, who's going to go with Mike?" Dustin and Lucas shared a look between the both of them, before breaking out laughing. Will stopped walking "W-what's so funny guys?"

"You, hahahaha" Lucas exclaimed, trying so hard to breathe.

"For someone who got straight A's in most of his classes, you sure are stupid" Dustin now, joining in, more chuckles from the both of them. Will just stood there, confused as hell. Not knowing what to say. So instead, he waited for his friends to calm down. They eventually did, wiping the tears away from their eyes. What was so funny.

"You guys gonna tell me what's so funny?" Will stood there, arms crossed, trying to look angry, but again, he failed.

"Oh come on Will, you're obviously going with Mike" Lucas announced, to Will's surprise.

"W-wait, what? Why me. Lucas, out of the three of us, you probably had to deal with the most. Shouldn't you go?"

"Nah. I don't like swmrs" Was his answer. Though true, Will had a feeling that wasn't the real reason.

"Dustin? what about you? why should I go with Mike, instead of you?"

"Oh, um, I have something to do that day" Will's brows furrowed.

"Like what?"

"Just something. Enough with the questions Byers, just get those tickets and have fun with Mike. Okay?" Will gave his friends a gracious smile, knowing what they really meant.

"Thanks, guys".

Today was the day, the day Will would surprise Mike with the tickets he had bought last month. The tickets he and his friends had worked so hard for. The tickets he waited ages in line for. The date, August 25th. The concert began at 11 a.m. Perfect for a Friday afternoon if you asked Will. Will took a quick shower, got dressed, then left his house, grabbed his bike, yes his bike, the bike he hadn't gotten to ride in so long, yet was still familiar to him. He then let the cold autumn breeze, blow at his face as he biked his way to Mike's house, the

house which he and Nancy now shared. Just like he and Jonathan shared their home. And no, their parents weren't dead or anything sad like that. The Wheelers took Holly on a cruise, while Hopper took Joyce to live in California.

After quite the reminiscent bike ride, Will found himself outside the Wheeler's residence. How was he going to do this? Just come out and say it? wait, what if Mike thinks it's a date. Wait, why would he think that? Mike probably doesn't even like guys, though he has never really showed any interest in girls either...enough Will! Will set his bike down, walked up towards the door, and rang the bell. "Phew.." Why was he so nervous, he was just asking Mike to go to a concert with him. After a few seconds of waiting, Mike answered the door.

"Oh, hey Will. Didn't know you were coming over today. Don't you have work?" Will shook his head, smiling like a fool as he did so. "Cool." The two of them stood in silence for a short while before Mike pushed the door open some more "So, you coming in?" Mike asked. Will now nodded, and followed the taller boy inside. "Wait, did you bike here?" Mike asked, smile growing on his face. God that smile gave Will chills.

"I did actually. Beats walking, right?"

"Yeah it does. We should totally go biking sometime. I'm sure everyone's getting tired of Lucas' car." Will nodded again. Chuckling to himself at Mike's comment. It wasn't even that funny, but he found himself laughing at it anyway. "So, you wanna play some videogames, or we can even draw some pictures if you want, you know, like old times." Mike asked. And in that moment, Will's heartbeat shot up, the two of them, staring each other deeply in the eyes. Is Mike blushing? Will had thought to himself. Will shook his head, trying not to cloud his thoughts.

"Um, actually, I was hoping we could do something else" Will slyly announced. Slowly reaching into his pocket that held the tickets.

"Like what?" Mike asked curiously chuckling along with his words. That's when he pulled them out, whipping the tickets in front of Mike's eyes. It took Mike a moment to catch on, but when he did, my god. "HOLY SHIT!" Mike screamed at the top of his lungs, falling to

his knees, on the verge of tears. Hiding his now, red face in his hands, squealing like a little kid.

"Yeah, videogames and colouring are fun and all, but I think we should go see these guys, right?" Then out of nowhere, Will felt himself whisked off of his feet and lifted into the air, by none other than Mike, before being spun around by the taller boy. "Mike, oh my god, put me down!" Will shouted, but was laughing as he did. Mike did though, but that wasn't it, he was then pulled into a bone crushing hug. Which surprised Will. It gave him such a warm fuzzy feeling in his chest. He could feel Mike's long shaggy hair rub against his face, as he buried his own face into the taller boy's chest, hugging back.

"Oh..my god, Will. I-I don't know what to say..." His best friend Mike, was now crying. But not because he was sad, because he was filled with joy. Joy he hadn't felt in a long time.

"You can start by saying you'll go with me. Cause I'm not going alone"

"Of course I'll go with you!" The two of them just stood there, still hugging, still latching onto each other as tight as possible. Will didn't want it to end, but eventually, all good things must come to an end. Mike pulled away first. "Oh my god, can I see them?" He asked, referring to the tickets. Will giggled, seeing Mike so happy made him happy.

"Of course, Mike." The shorter boy answered, handing the tickets over to his life-long friend. Mike was in awe, he couldn't believe it. Will, his best friend had got him a ticket to go see one of his favorite bands.

After a lot of time spent getting dressed up in his favorite SWMRS shirt, and his favorite pair of jeans, even putting on his best sneakers. Mike was finally ready. "Sorry, I took so long. I-I just still can't believe I'm actually going to see them live. With my best friend in the entire world!" Will blushed at Mike's comment, but again, spoke up telling Mike it wasn't just him who worked for the tickets.

"Don't forget about Dustin and Lucas"

"I'm not, don't worry. I love them too, but it was your idea, like you said. So I love you more." The two of them then sharing a longing look, and an adoring smile.

Both Mike and Will were waiting patiently in the back of Nancy's car. Mike promised her fifty bucks if she drove them to the concert and picked them up after it was over. She agreed of course. Fifty bucks, duh. After a two hour drive over to the next town, they finally got there. Mike's eyes lit up, as they did. "Mike, don't forget to call me to pick you up, alright?" Mike barely mumbled a response to his sister, and lunged out of the vehicle. Will following. Nancy sighed before taking off.

"Come on, Will!" Mike shouted, grabbing his hand in the process and pulling him along towards the entrance. Will loved seeing Mike like this. So happy and free.

They were inside the concert hall, now. Will had gotten some mid seat tickets. It wasn't the best seating arrangement, but it was better than some others. The loud chats and murmurs from the other fans was making it hard to talk. It got to the point where Will had to raise his voice to actually talk to Mike, who was right next to him.

"What?" Mike shouted in response to Will's question.

"I said! When are they going to come out onto the sta-" The smaller boy was cut off by the loudest pop of cheers he had ever heard, from all around him. Everyone stood up out of their seats, blocking Will's view from the stage. He assumed that SWMRS was now on stage. Because Mike was just as loud as everyone else. Then Will heard the lead singer shout over the microphone, saying something like "How you guys doing!? You all ready?!" Followed by more cheering. They started off by singing one of their more known songs, Miley. Then

followed by Turn up, then Brb. Will couldn't help but stare at Mike. I mean, he couldn't see the stage anyway, even if he stood on his chair. Mike looked like he was in his own world. He probably wouldn't have even noticed Will if another fan didn't accidentally push Will into Mike. Mike being the awesome guy he is, caught Will before either of them could fall. "Shit, I'm sorry, Mike" Will shouted, as he was closer to Mike now.

"It's cool, Will. No sweat at all." Mike shouted back, before returning his attention back to the band. Will was really enjoying himself, but he couldn't help but feel like he was missing out on the band a little bit. He couldn't see anything but the back of random strangers. As if Mike felt like something was wrong, he leaned over to Will. "Hey, wait can you see them?" Will simply shook his head, giving a lopsided smile. Mike then shook his head before saying "Why didn't you say so?" Then suddenly Will felt his feet leave the ground once again, as Mike hoisted the smaller boy up onto his shoulders.

"M-Mike, oh, shi-.Put me-" But Will cut himself off before he could say more. Because he didn't want Mike to put him down. He could see everything now. And it was beautiful. Almost as beautiful as Mike. Just as Mike lifted Will up, the band was starting their next song. Both Mike's and Will's favorite song from them. Palm trees. Both of them, now screaming the lyrics at the top of their lungs. This was truly the best night of their lives. At the back of Will's mind, he thought to himself. How could this night get any better.

But it did. It did get better. So, so much better. It started when Nancy dropped Will off at his house. The lights were out, meaning Jonathan was working the night shift. Will sighed, he hated having the house alone. He waved goodbye as Nancy's car pulled away. He turned to open the door with his key, but was startled when someone placed a hand on his shoulder. Will almost jumped out of skin, before seeing who was the one that almost made him poop his pants.

"Oh, sorry Will, didn't mean to scare you" Mike?

"Mike? w-what are you doing? why did Nancy drive off? you can't

walk home this late." Mike lowered his head. It was dark, but it looked like Mike had a blush spreading across his freckled face. "Um, Mike?"

"I was actually hoping to um, tell you something." Mike then raised his head, peering into the young Byers' eyes. Will gulped, now nervous. What could be so important that Mike would have to walk home this late at night? Just as Will was about to speak, Mike spoke "But I can't. Because I'm too afraid. I'm not as brave as you...so I'll...I'll show you instead" Mike began closing the distance between the two of them. Will's heart was racing, what was going on? Will stepped back a bit before his back gently pressed against his door, and Mike then gently pressed his lips against Will's. Will's eyes shot open, obviously surprised. But eventually relaxed into the kiss. It wasn't Will's first kiss, but it was surely the best. Their first kiss. Mike and Will's first kiss. The kiss that went from a simple peck, to a passionate play of lip locking, to more and more. Will struggled to open the door while locking lips with Mike, but he eventually got it. Mike closing the door with his leg. Then everything just got better.

Will awoke to the bright sun, staring him down, through his window. He was in his bed now. But that wasn't all. He felt a nice warmth around his body. And when he looked down, he saw an arm draped around his smaller body. Will then smiled as he remembered what had happened last night, after the concert. He and Mike had just had-

"Will? Why are there clothes all over the place? Isn't that Mike's hat? and aren't those his sneakers?" His thoughts were interrupted as Jonathan announced from outside his room. Will's eyes widened as a blush appeared from his face. Yep, this was going to be an awkward talk...

9. Let me help you (One-shot/Epilogue)

Summary for the Chapter:

The boys go see a movie at the theater, but Will has another unexpected panic attack.

Notes for the Chapter:

//Hey all who read this! Just want to put this short little one shot out there. It's also an epilogue to the previous chapters "Let me help you" So I hope you enjoy! :)//

Will, Dustin, Lucas and Mike were in the movie theater once again. They were here to see 'Gremlins 2' The first one was so good, so they just had to go see the sequel. When Mike and Will finally accepted that they needed each other, they pondered on telling their friends. Eventually they did come out to them. Of course they were fine with it. Lucas and Dustin were the only one's who knew of their friends relationship.

The order that the four friends were seated in, went like: Will, Mike, Lucas then Dustin. Will being the closest to the aisle of the theater. Though Mike and Will may have told their friends about their relationship, they did however keep Will's panic attacks and nightmares a secret. Will already felt responsible for taking Mike's time away from him, so that was enough for him. Will made Mike promise not to tell anyone else. So he didn't. For Will.

The four friends were chatting amongst themselves when the lights around them were finally dimming, signaling that the movie would be starting soon. The dark however was a big problem for Will. He felt trapped whenever he was in the dark. Will thought he'd be able to handle it. He was getting better at sleeping without his night light. So he just assumed he'd be able to sit here and watch the movie. Unfortunately he was wrong. His heart beat began to race, his face becoming pale, his breathing stiffening. Mike noticed almost instantly. He was about to place his hand on Will's but Will jumped from his seat and bolted out of the room. Just like that time before.

Lucas and Dustin shot Mike a look, but he waved them off, giving the excuse that Will had an upset stomach. "I'm going to go check on him. Don't worry" Mike announced before getting out of his seat, and leaving the room.

Mike looked around the theater and wondered where Will might have run off to. Mike then realized he's probably in the same place as before. The boys toilets. Mike slowly stepped inside the boys room, trying not to startle Will too much. He could be seriously freaking out right now. He didn't want to make things worse. "Will?" Mike announced softly. That's when he heard him. Will was crying. He knew that cry all too well. "Oh, Will..." Mike peeked under the stall he heard the sobs coming from. He could see the back of Will. He must be sitting against the door. "Will. It's okay. You're not there anymore. Remember? you're at the movies with your best friends" Mike tried to sound as soft as possible. A few more sniffles were heard, then Will replied.

"Mike, seriously, I'm okay to handle this alone. Don't let me stop you from seeing the movie" Mike scoffed, before putting his back against the outside of the stall door, then sliding down onto the ground, so that he'd be sitting down with Will.

"No way, Will. We agreed you'd let me be there for you. Besides, the sequel probably isn't even that good. Nancy said so anyway" Mike couldn't see, but Will gave a little smile at that.

"Thanks, Mike" Will spoke. His voice was coming back. Mike smiled, glad the panic attacks were easier to conquer. Mike then slid his hand under the stall, waiting for Will to intertwine their hands together. He did. When Will held Mike's hand, he always felt that much safer.

"Anytime, Will. I'll always be here for you. Never forget that I love you. Because I won't" This just made Will smile wider.

Yeah Will was broken. But that's okay, because Mike will always be there to fix him. Always. He was his glue.

//As always, comments and kudos' are appreciated. I hope this

short little chapter can hold you guys over until the next "Fuck
you, Grindr" chapter :)//

10. 3 Short stories of Byeler

Summary for the Chapter:

//These chapters weren't long enough to be posted on their own, so I decided to put them all into one chapter. That being said, these short stories are separate from each other. Hope I don't confuse anyone. Finally, hope all who read enjoy! :)//

Notes for the Chapter:

//So I feel bad about not being able to work on "Fuck you, Grindr" So here's some small Byeler stuff to get you guys through the day. I don't know when I'll have my next chapter up. As I am very busy of late. Excuse any mistakes I might have made//

P.S: Slight trigger warning for "short story number 2" As it has a bit of "What's the point" kind of talking in it. Sorry if it upsets anyone.

Short

Story 1: "That's My Butt"

It was one heavy storm of a day in the town of Hawkins, Indiana. Mike had planned on taking Will to the park on a special picnic for their, 4 year anniversary. But the weather happened. All that planning for nothing! To make matters worse, the weather was interfering with the satellite dish, meaning no television. Will obviously wasn't bothered by it, as he didn't really watch it that often. Same went for Mike, but what were they supposed to do now? Instead of thinking of something, Mike just moped around, annoyed at the world.

"awh come on Mike, we can have a picnic any other time. Stop moping around" Will greeted as he stepped into the basement. The room itself was dark, a simple light bulb being the only thing lighting

up the room, and even that was barely functioning.

"Easy for you to say. You didn't spend weeks learning yourself how to cook." Mike answered back, standing up off of the old couch in the corner, he was moping on. Will seemed to be taken back by Mike's statement though.

"Wait, you taught yourself how to cook?" The two stepped closer to one another.

"Well yeah...I wanted to surprise you with my awesome cooking skills" The taller boy responded. Lowering his head into the crook of the smaller boy's neck. Mike loved that Will was always shorter than him, he didn't know why. Even after college, Will barely seemed to grow. Mike was fine with it though. Short people give the best cuddles anyway.

"Aww, Mike. If you hadn't shoved your big head in that dusty old sofa, I might have actually kissed you, right now. Oh well" Will responded, in a teasing tone. Mike instantly pulling his head away from his boyfriend.

"Wait, my big head is 'not' dusty! Come on, I deserve a kiss!" Will laughed at his boyfriend's response.

"Hmm...well, you did go to a lot of trouble for nothing." Then an idea came to Will. Not only would this pass time, but it'd be a lot of fun. "Listen here, Wheeler. How about we play a quick campaign of some D&D? If I fail, I'll give you a kiss, sound fair?" Mike squinted.

"And if you actually succeed to the end?" Mike questioned back.

"Well then, you have to give me a foot massage later" Mike scoffed.

"Alright, you're on, Byers!" The two of them sharing a cocky grin plastered on their faces.

Some time later. After the two of them set up their old D&D set, The two of them quickly going to work. Mike, the dungeon master, throwing wave after wave of foes, only for Will to surpass them all. Will did have to admit, without other companions it was hard to keep

up with Mike on a solo quest, but that wouldn't stop him. "This is it, Wheeler. I'm about to reach the end. If you can't stop me with your next move, I'm getting a foot rub later!" Will giving a cocky cheer, like he'd won already. But Mike had an ace up his sleeve. Mike sat there smiling. Ready to win.

"You hear that?" Mike questioned aloud, Will furrowing his brows in the process. " 'Thump' 'Thump'...'THUMP!'" Mike shouted as he slammed a plastic piece onto the board, revealing "THE DEMOGORGON!" Will jumping. Muttering a quite "crap" after it. "You know what this means, right Will? You have to roll a thirteen or higher to win. The only thing you can do is attack! hahaha, no more protection spells for you!" Mike said with the biggest shit eating grin Will had ever seen on his face.

Will sat there, shaking the dice in his hands. Blowing on them for luck, though he didn't really believe in it himself. "Come on..." Little more shaking and...."FIREBALL!" Will exclaimed, throwing the dice. But a little too hard. As the dice accidentally flew off of the table and onto the floor. "Crap, where'd they go?!" The two of them basically jumped onto the floor, searching for the dice. Then in that moment, just as Will was about to find the dice, the power cut off.

"Uh, Will?" Mike questioned, still on the floor. It was pitch black down in the basement now. He didn't want to stand up and trip or walk into something.

"I'm over here" Will responded. Though it didn't really help. Mike scurried along the floor, extending his hands carefully in front of himself, trying to get a good feel of his surroundings.

"Hey, I just remembered, my Dad's old flashlight should still be in here. I only used it last week, remember?"

"Oh yeah! I think you actually left it in one of the draws over by the door" Will's voice sounded closer that time, they must be near each other. Mike continued to use his crawling technique to move along the floor. Until he went face first into something in front of him. His hands instantly placed onto what he had just bumped into.

"What's this?" He said giving a slight squeeze.

"Um, Mike, that's my butt..."

"Oh..." If there was indeed some light in the room. Both guys would see the enormous blush across their faces. So at least the dark was handy for something. Though, Mike didn't know why he was blushing. They were way more intimate than this before.

A short while later. Both boys found themselves snuggled up next to each other on their sofa in the living room. This time, Will's head resting in the crook of Mike's neck. After they had found the flashlight, the two of them gathered as many candles they could find and lit them around the living room. It was pretty warm, but the two of them loved it. So much that they were beginning to nod off on each other. But before Will closed his eyes he remembered something. He moved his head slightly and gave Mike a long, passionate kiss on the lips. When they broke apart, Mike questioned what that was for. Will responding with "The roll. It was a seven. The demogorgon. It got me. The deal was, if I fail the campaign, you get a kiss." The shorter boy then snuggled his head back into his boyfriend's neck. The two of them drifting off a little while later, both with smiles on their faces.

Short

story 2: "Well, at least we're sad together"

Will was biking over to his best friend's house as fast as he could. Just a few minutes ago. His best friend, Mike, texted him. Saying he really needed him right now. And that he didn't want to be alone. Will wondered what was wrong. What happened, and why was his friend so sad? It was times like these, Will wished he had a car like every other teen at his high school. Not only was it tiring cycling over to Mike's from his, but it took too long. With a vehicle, Will could be there in no time, flat. Mike didn't know, but Will would do anything for him. He'd bike through a thunderstorm for Mike, even though they terrified him. He'd fight back against bullies, even if they were twice his size, all for Mike. Yes, Will loved Mike. Not like a brother

and more than a friend. Yes, he loved him, 'that way'. Though Will's love for his best friend was a secret, him being open about being gay was not. Everyone knew, and no one supported him more than Mike Wheeler. The only thing Will wished for in life was Mike to reciprocate those feelings. But he came to accept it quite a long time ago, that, that would never happen. Mike was indeed 100% straight. he found out this at a party. The people at the party decided to play truth or dare, and Mike was asked does he think Steve Harrington is hot. And he replied with "Even if I were gay, I'd have to say no" Then it was just laughter after that.

When Will arrived at the Wheeler's residence, Mike was outside, just sitting there on the step of the porch. Head in his hands. The sight of that alone pained Will. Will swung his leg over and off of his bike, then dropped it to the ground. He approached Mike with a soft "hey" before sitting down next to him. No response from him. "Mike. You okay?" Will asked, speaking as softly as he could. The response Will got surprised him, it took him off guard. It was so unlike Mike. Mike took his hands away from his face, and let Will see. He was crying. His eyes red and puffy, cheeks stained with streams of tears. It broke Will's heart to see him like this. "What hap-" Will began but was cut off by the other boy's arms being latched around his body, with heavy sobs following.

"S-she broke u-up with me Will" Will could tell it was hard for Mike to speak, specially seeing as he was bawling his eyes out. But that didn't matter, what mattered was that he was there for his friend. He knew who he was talking about. El' short for Elizabeth. She was Mike's girlfriend. They started dating last summer, and things looked great between them, so why, why did she break up with Mike? Mike was perfect. His smile, his dumb jokes, his nerdy personality, his bed head, just everything, so why?

"Hey, it's okay. Alright? it's going to be okay. Do you want to tell me what happened?" Will asked, still talking with a gentle tone. While also rubbing small circles into his friend's back. Trying his best to comfort him. He felt Mike's body pull away. Will wished he wouldn't, but he did. And that warmth left him. Mike then wiped his face off with his own sleeve.

"She...she said 'it just wasn't working out' And that 'it was just one of

those first summer love things..." Mike's voice was more stable now, but Will could tell he wasn't hurting any less than he did before. "But she's wrong. I love her. It wasn't just a, whatever the hell she said. I love her, Will." It hurt. It honestly hurt so much hearing that coming from Mike's mouth, for so many reasons. But Will would stay strong for Mike. He always did. And always will. But what Mike said next just opened up something in Will, something that he never wanted opened. "What's the point of going on, if I can't be with her? Just, what's the point..." Will was shocked. Never would he ever thought he'd hear his best friend, Mike Wheeler say something like that.

"Hey!" Mike just lowered his head. "Hey, Mike. Look at me!" Mike did as Will told, turning his head. Now it was Mike's turn to feel surprised. Will was crying. Why was he crying? "You think it's okay to say stuff like that? You just need to calm down, okay? You don't know what's going on in someone else's head, so maybe you should just give her time, okay? Like, I know you'll never love me the way I love you, but that doesn't stop me from living my life. Got it!?" Will, now realizing what he had just said, slowly covered his face, with both hands. Not wanting to see his best friend with shameful eyes gazing upon him. But Mike quickly pulled his hands away from his face. And what Will saw wasn't disgusted, or shameful eyes. They were warm, loving even. They stared at each other for what seemed like forever, until Will broke the silence. His emotions getting the better of him. "Say something. Please...Mike"

"You're right." His friend started. A blow to the chest. He knew it was true but hearing Mike say it hurt a lot. "Honestly, I had my suspicions, I just never looked into it. But, yeah, I-I can't love you the same way, but, you saying all that. Will, it just proves that I need you in my life. And that if you can keep going, then I can too. I need you, Will" Mike announced before pulling Will into a tight hug. The two of them had sad smiles on their faces. They both knew this sadness would last a while, hell, it could be years until the two of them got past their problems. "I'm always going to be there for you, Will. Just like you are for me. I love you, man"

A few more sniffles and gentle back rubs later, and they pulled apart. Accepting what was meant to be. Will then cracked a small smile, while wiping his tears away. "Well, at least we're sad together" Was

all he said before leaning against Mike, and Mike leaning on him.

Short

story 3: "Have some of Mine"

It was a hot summers day and Mike and Will were speeding down the street on their bikes. Using this weeks allowance to buy those super large ice-cream cones. The two of them racing through the almost nonexistent wind, heading towards the ice-cream parlor. Mike got his allowance yesterday, but decided to wait for Will to get his so they could get ice-cream together. Another small thing Mike gave up for Will, was this years summer camp. The one without bullies and mouth breathers. Dustin and Lucas left for the camp last week. Mike's mom was going to let him go and everything, but the thing was, Will wasn't going to be able to go. The summer camp cost money to go too, and Will's Mom wasn't able to give it to him. So Mike told his Mom he didn't want to go. For the sole reason that he didn't want to leave Will out on all the fun. He then just lied to his friends saying that his parents couldn't come up with the money. And that was that. Mike and Will had the entire summer to spend with each other. Without their other friends.

"Hah! I won, I won!" Will exclaimed, almost out of breath as he spoke. Huge smile plastered on his face. And just seeing Will smile so brightly made Mike happy. It made missing out on the camp, worth it.

"Alright, alright. Just because you won coming down, doesn't mean you'll win heading back to my house, afterwards" The two of them laughed. Like two best friends should. When the two of them set their bikes down, against a nearby wall, they gave a longed sigh before wiping the sweat away from their foreheads. "Okay, let's get those ice-creams now" The two of them entering the ice-cream parlor. Their was AC inside, so it was very refreshing to feel a nice breeze on their bodies. Will was at the front of the line, While Mike was standing behind him. While Will was ordering his own ice-cream, Mike got the sudden urge to pee. "Hey, Will. I'm just going to use the restroom.

wait outside for me?" Will gave a nod, before turning back to the man serving him. Mike then rushed into the boys toilets.

When Mike came back, Will was gone. He must be already outside, Mike thought. Mike hurried to the counter and ordered a large strawberry cone. His favorite flavor, strangely enough was also Will's. One thing that Dustin and Lucas could agree on was that they both hated strawberry ice-cream. While Will and Mike loved it. When the man behind the counter handed Mike the ice-cream, he smiled and gave the man the correct amount of money, before heading out to join his friend. When Mike got outside, he expected to see Will snacking on his strawberry ice-cream, but what did he see instead? A teary eyed Will, with scraped knees and a ruined ice-cream, splattered on the hard concrete. Mike's first thought was that Will fell. Unfortunately, he didn't. "Will, what happened?" Mike asked, leaning down next to Will, who was still sitting on the ground.

"T-Troy...a-and James...t-they pushed me" Will sobbed out, holding his scraped knees tight. Of course! he should have known! Will wasn't clumsy, he'd never let his allowance go to waste like that. Of course those damn mouth breathers did something!

"Which way'd they go?!" Mike asked, his anger pushing through the surface of his emotions. Will simply shook his head.

"Just leave it, Mike. It was just an ice-cream. I'll be able to get one next week." Will said, his sobs becoming less audible, as he was calming down now, but there was still a tone of disappointment in his words. There it was. The reason Will mattered so much to him. He was so, so humble. Will always spoke with his heart and never let his emotions get in the way. Nevertheless, Mike was still furious at Troy and James. Mike then realized he wanted to be more like Will, in that moment. The taller boy took a long breathe in through his nose before releasing it out through his mouth. Mike then took a spot next to Will, on the ground. Letting his problems leave him in that moment. Sure they'd be back later, but right now, Mike just wants to enjoy time with his best friend. Mike took one lick of his ice-cream, before extending it towards Will's face.

"Have some of mine" Will wiped his face clean, before looking to Mike.

"B-but, that's yours. You payed for that out of your own money. And besides, my germs would get all over it. Two boys can't share an ice-cream like that..." Will announced, frowning after it. Mike scoffed in reply.

"I don't care about any of that stuff. I just want to enjoy a nice, cold ice-cream with my best friend, on this scorcher of a day. Now here, have some, before it melts" Will then took the cone out of his friend's hand, and gave it a little lick, obviously being his selfless old self. Mike rolled his eyes "Come on, Will. Don't make me shove that ice-cream in your mouth. Enjoy it!" They both laughed once again, any thought of those bullies were gone now. It was just the two of them. Will nodded, taking a huge lick, before handing it back to Mike. The two of them passed the cone back and forth until the cone was the only thing left. "Here, Will" Mike said, handing the cone to him.

"W-wait, you don't want to eat the cone?" Mike shook his head.

"Nah, not the biggest fan of them."

"Thanks, Mike."

"You don't have to thank me, Will. I know you'd do the same thing or anything really, if it happened to me." Mike then placed an arm around Will's shoulders. Still sitting on the ground as his best friend ate away at the last remains of the cone. When Will finished, Mike stood up first, then offering a hand for Will, to pull him up off of the ground. To which Will accepted. "Now let's go! I still have to beat your butt back to my house, remember?" The two of them laughed together once more as they rode their bikes against the almost, nonexistent wind.

//Hey there, whoever read these. I hope you enjoyed them as much as I enjoyed writing them! I know they were shorter than usual, but ye know, busy. As always Comments and Kudos' are always appreciated! :)//

//Lol, I just realized their age decreased going through the short stories. Started off older, going back to being just kids. Okay, I'll leave now//

11. Time and Place

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike get's a little, cold while modelling for Will. So Will warms him up...

Notes for the Chapter:

//Hey there people that read my byeler trash. I'm back BUT only for now. Probably. I don't really know honestly. My mood's all over the place. Anyway. I wrote this small one-shot on tumblr after being inspired by an anon's steamy ask...And thought I'd add it on AO3. Saying this now. If I'm ever in the mood, I'll try my best to come up with some new byeler material. I think that's all?\\

//This chapter was created and inspired by this ask I got on tumblr "Hey imagine Will... laying kisses... down Mike's... bare back..."\\

//Oh wait. This chapter is a little nsfw? I think. Like, not really. More steamy than nsfw, ya know? Anyway, enjoy)

//Oh oh. The characters are also aged up. Just putting that out there\\

// If ya ever want to chat about things or simply just stalk the things I like, come to my blog! [Tumblr](#) \\

“You almost done?” The lanky, half naked, Mike Wheeler asked. His bare back on display for a certain artist. The moonlight seeping in through Will’s bedroom window, shining directly onto said half naked boy. Will’s bed was pushed across the room, and up against the wall. Mike was sitting in the center, on the tiniest of stools. It was actually a pretty funny sight. Someone as tall as Mike, crouched on this tiny stool. If this wasn’t so important, there would be giggles throughout the entire house.

“Be patient.” Will’s voice was filled with concentration as he painted away at his boyfriend. Mike had agreed to let Will practice his figure for an upcoming exam. The shorter of the two had previously said, drawing someone’s entire figure was hard. Will had suggested a full exposed figure. But Mike was afraid of Joyce walking in on them. At least with his top half exposed, it would be easier to explain if she did walk in. Also, it wouldn’t be as awkward.

Only the party knew of Mike and Will’s relationship. Not even Joyce knew. Mike urged Will to tell her. Mike trusted Joyce, after all. A lot more than his own two parents. But Will was stubborn and told him there was a place and a time for everything. So Mike dropped the subject. He didn’t want to push him. Not at such a stressful time.

“But it’s freezing, Will.” Mike let slip out. He really meant to say “fine” and let Will carry on, but his skin was showing signs of gooseflesh. That was thanks to the Byers household itself. The Byers heating didn’t work. It sucked, but they could do nothing but wait. Mike had listened to Will when he ranted about how his Mom didn’t want him helping her pay for the repair. Hence the reason it’s still cold after a week of waiting. Just then though, Mike heard the intense scribble of pencil halt. He didn’t realize how quiet it was without it. “Can I move now?” Mike wanted to get confirmation from Will first. The last thing he wanted to do was mess up Will’s drawing. He knew this was important to him. And then without even the slightest warning or sound from Will, Mike felt a pair of lips gently brush against his right shoulder blade. Mike let out a hushed shriek as soon as it happened. “Will?” Mike’s voice was a little shaky. Will’s name left his lips almost like a plea. Now Mike felt a pair of hands rest around his waist. If his skin wasn’t covered in goose pimples before, they definitely were now. But he wasn’t cold. Oh, no. He suddenly felt a lot warmer.

Another press of lips fell flush against his pale skin. The warm, pink lips of Will explored most of Mike’s shoulders now. But just as suddenly as it started, it stopped. “Still cold?” Mike felt his boyfriend’s words brush right by his ear, Will’s mouth dangerously close to it. Then he felt them. Will’s teeth. Softly nibbling against his earlobe.

Mike was too lost in the feeling. The feeling of Will giving him the attention he so desperately craved. "Maybe..." Again, his voice came off as more of a shudder than anything else. He could feel Will's grin against his ear. He really shouldn't have responded with that. Considering Joyce was only down the hall. He should have said, "*Nope. Not anymore.*" Because right now, he wasn't. He was on fire. Will knew it, he knew it and *fuck*, a certain body part knew it.

"Still cold?" Will's not-so-innocent voice moved away from his ear, now. He could feel the quick, hot breaths of Will brush off his back. Lower than before. Then it started again. Those small, pink, slightly chapped lips, pressing against his skin. Some were quick. Some were slow. Some were pecks. And some he could feel a tongue.

"Will..." Mike breathed out. His cheeks flushed a dark pink, as he threw his head back a little. Will's lips were still going. All while, Will's hands were still pressed against his hips. Will's lips were kissing right above his tail bone, and god. He was going crazy. Will was driving him crazy. And he was sure, that Will knew it. "Please..." The whimper like plea, slipping from his mouth before his brain could even process it. *Oh shit*. Will's hands tightened around his waist. Giving his hips a squeeze as the kisses stopped. Mike wanted to protest in the lack of lips on his skin, but his train of thought crashed as the lips returned. To the side of his neck now.

Will was sucking on his neck. Not just kissing. Every time he felt Will's lips clasp around his sensitive skin, he would feel the swirl of Will's tongue. Licking circles around the mark that was starting to occur. Mike uttered another, *please*. Will huffed out the most devious of chuckles, at that. "What do you need, Mikey?" Will's voice was barely a whisper when he said it. But to Mike it was like a siren going off. Oh god. Were his jeans always this tight? They definitely had some resistance going on a few minutes ago, but now...

Shit. He wanted this. No, he needed this! Mike's long neck stretched even further back. Not only so his head was perfectly leveled next to Will's, but also giving Will even more access. "I need..." His breath was shaky. Hot. Just like Will's

“Yes. Tell me what you need, Mikey”

“I need your touch” Mike shot out. Not wasting any time. He felt it again. That damned smirk of Will’s. When it was just the two of them. Doing stuff like this. Will really was like a completely different person.

“Where do you need it, Mikey?” Will’s smaller hands were already beginning to move. His right hand’s thumb pressing under the waistline of Mike’s pants. Will knew. He obviously knew where Mike needed his touch. But Will liked to tease. It was something Mike not only loved, but hated.

“I need it. My di-” Neither of them heard the door click open.

“Will, sweetie, do you- OHMY-” The door shut closed as fast as it had opened. Will’s warm hands leaving Mike’s waist immediately. Mike jumping from the tiny stool he still on, all this time.

“Fuck” He heard Will whisper. Before Will could even fall back onto his bed, Mike grabbed him by the hands.

“Hey, Will. Don’t sweat this. Okay?”

“Don’t sweat it?” His boyfriend shot back pretty quickly. Will’s face was doing that thing where he was about to cry. Mike could tell he was doing his best to hold it in.

“Yeah. I mean, yeah it’s going to be a super awkward talk now. But Will, come on. You know your Mom has no problem with this right? I know, you know” Mike gave a supportive squeeze of his hands. “She loves you too much to care about who you like. Trust me. Okay?” They were locking eyes now. Just like they were when Will leaned in for their first kiss. Then Mike shot forward. A little too quickly. A small bump of teeth and a clash of lips. “Sorry” Mike said, rubbing his own teeth gently. Will just giggled. His nervous demeanor from before had disappeared relatively quick. Mike had that effect on Will. They both knew it. “Remember. There’s a time and place for everything” Will pushed his head against the taller boy’s chest. Mike said that with the goofiest grin on his face. Using what Will said ages

ago was pretty fun if he was being honest.

“Alright.” Will muttered against Mike’s chest. Head still resting against him.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I guess it’s the time and place to tell her. Though I’m pretty sure he already knows” They both laughed out loud. Enjoying this last free feel to the air before things got real awkward. Will;s hand tightened around Mike’s as he began to walk towards his door. But stopped when Mike wouldn’t follow. Instead, Mike let go of Will’s hands and took plopped onto the bed. Mike’s face was clearly flushed. Sporting another small blush. “What’s wrong?”

“U-um...just give me like a minute. Then it can be the time and place to tell her...” Will looked down and realized what was going on. They looked each other in the eyes before breaking out in a fit of giggles.

//Hey there. I hope you enjoyed reading this chapter! I enjoyed writing it, which is rare for me. <3